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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 515
EDITORIALS:
Farm Legislation at Washington 517
The Shipping Trust Dissolves 518
The "Wicked and Criminal Fight" in England 519
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon 520
HALF A CENTURY OF ETHICAL CULTURE. By Henry Neumann.. 521
SEX STANDARDS IN MOSCOW. By Paul Blanshard 522
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 524
CORRESPONDENCE 524
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Averescu: Rumania's Mussolini. By James Fuchs 526

FOREIGN BOOK SECTION

ITALIAN LITERATURE TODAY. By Arthur Livingston 529
NEW BOOKS IN FRANCE. By René Lalou 530
REALISM IN SCANDINAVIA. By Julius Moritzen 531
BOOKS:
Fundamentalism. By Allen Tate 532
Marcel Proust. By Dorothy Brewster 534
Helmholtz in English. By Benjamin Harrow 536
Frank Harris Continues. By Nathan Asch 537
A Lame Arm and the Wreck of Europe. By Roy Temple House.... 538
Books in Brief 539
DRAMA:
"Iolanthe." By Joseph Wood Krutch 540

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A WAR OF ATTRITION is obviously the campaign by which the power interests that have laid greedy eyes on the government-built dam at Muscle Shoals hope to take this great natural resource away from the people. They hope to talk the demand for government operation to death, and when the public is weary with the whole debate walk off with the prize. But they are pushing the campaign a little too fast. The public is not yet sufficiently drugged so that it can be expected to be indifferent to the report just made to Congress by a joint committee of the Senate and House, proposing to lease Muscle Shoals for *fifty years* to the Alabama Power Company. Quite apart from the other terms proposed, the idea of alienating this invaluable resource for half a century is in itself unthinkable. Fortunately one member of the committee, Representative James of Michigan, is attacking the report with vigor. He charges that an unfair advantage in the bidding was given to the Alabama Power Company and that there is no guaranty of any production of fertilizer at either high or low cost. He says:

> The naked truth is we are putting up our $150,000,000 development at Muscle Shoals while our only guaranty of any sort in connection with this fertilizer experiment is $20,000,000 of the public's money which the power company provides through the sale of stock which is to earn dividends out of our own investment.

THE INJUNCTION PROCESS, which all too often has been used solely for the protection of property interests and to the hurt of labor, has been legitimately applied by Vice-Chancellor Bentley of New Jersey temporarily to restrain the Sheriff of Bergen County, under his amazing interpretation of the riot act, from forbidding meetings of strikers even in private halls. It is significant of the weakness of the Sheriff's legal standing that the very judge who granted the drastic injunction against the workers sought by the Forstmann and Huffmann mills should have issued a restraining order in this case. His action means that it is possible in New Jersey to get some legal protection against the autocracy of a sheriff who, by the simple process of reading the riot act when there is no riot, makes himself for an indefinite period the czar over an entire county. Public sentiment, even in Bergen County, had swung definitely against the high-handed action of the Sheriff. Who, the taxpayers were beginning to ask, was to pay the bills for all the armed deputies who swaggered along the streets of Garfield? Nevertheless, public opinion was slow in achieving results. The American Civil Liberties Union was obliged to organize another test meeting. It was called for April 30, at Belmont Park. The Rev. John Haynes Holmes was announced as the speaker. Meanwhile John Larkin Hughes, attorney for the Civil Liberties Union, was moving heaven and earth to obtain an injunction.

THE HOUR OF THE MEETING arrived but not the injunction. Sheriff Nimmo and Under Sheriff Donaldson barred entrance to the hall. Beside them was a bag of tear-gas bombs. At least 100 police and armed deputies kept a crowd of some thousands of strikers and their friends moving along the streets in the neighborhood of the hall. Minutes and, finally, hours passed. Mr. Holmes was ready to make the test even if it meant his arrest, as it had meant the arrest of Norman Thomas two weeks before. Once it seemed that the Sheriff was about to scatter the crowd by force. But the rumor that the injunction had been signed in Jersey City was in the air. Finally, about five o'clock, Mr. Hughes arrived with it. A writ conquered guns. The halls of Garfield were open. It was a real and dramatic victory to be charged to the credit of the American Civil Liberties Union, its speakers, and its attorney. It is a victory, however, which would not have been possible were it not for the remarkable self-restraint of the strikers, who were denied an elemental right, and the courage of the Magyar association which owns Belmont Park and permitted its use for this particular test. The officers of the association refused to be intimidated by the Sheriff, and by their quiet assertion of their rights these foreign-born citizens contributed notably to a victory of real Americanism. But the strike still goes on and a decent settlement is yet to be won.

THE FRENCH WAR DEBT to the United States will be settled, as we have been predicting, on terms less favorable to this country than those offered by Caillaux last autumn, if the agreement reached at Washington is

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ratified by Congress and by the Parliament of France. Whereas Caillaux offered $40,000,000 annually for the first five years, the present schedule begins with $30,000,000 and reaches only $35,000,000 in the fifth year. It is not necessary to consider the various increases by which payments are theoretically to be dragged out over a total period of sixty-two years, for the arrangement will not last that long. Although France does not have, as she had asked, the specific privilege of demanding reconsideration of the agreement if her promised reparations from Germany do not materialize, there is, of course, nothing to prevent asking for such a revision. In fact, there is every reason to believe that most of our debtors will be demanding changes within at least ten years. Some opposition to the French debt plan has already been voiced in Congress, but it will probably be no more effective than that against the Italian agreement. Opposition in France may prove more serious, and although the way is now clear for a Wall Street loan, such an issue is unlikely until the French Parliament takes action.

ONE OF THE MOST PAINFUL reminders of the Civil War which remains to the present generation is the countless number of atrocious soldier monuments, surrounded by carefully piled pyramids of cannon balls, that still clutter the streets and parks of our towns. So it is pleasant to note that the American Battle Monuments Commission, of which General Pershing is the head, has adopted a resolution that no decorative memorials will be approved for erection in the war zones of France and Belgium except such as are in the nature of public improvements of use to the inhabitants. As the French and Belgian governments have agreed not to permit any monuments by Americans which have not been approved by our commission, it would appear that Europe is to be spared from a humiliation keener perhaps than any of those of the war itself. Upon his return from South America General Pershing was struck with the fact that there were numerous projects for American memorials in Europe; there was danger that "the bounds of good taste" would be exceeded. In the opinion of the American Battle Monuments Commission conditions tend

> to make even a moderate number of American memorials conspicuous and too many would create an entirely erroneous impression of the American object in erecting them. It should be considered that our country was fighting during the latter part of the war only and had fewer troops engaged and lighter losses than either France, England, or Italy.

THE COMPLETION of Hindenburg's first year as head of the German Republic makes it incumbent upon all who, like ourselves, were disappointed by his selection, to note the fact that he has made an admirable record as president. He has refrained from bellicose speeches and his military appearances have been limited to the reviewing of a company or a battalion here or there. He has given not one word of encouragement to the monarchists and has preached no sermon of revenge, so far as we are aware. In fact, he has refrained from much speaking and has attended strictly to his job. More than that, he has by all reports exercised a most valuable influence behind the scenes in keeping the Ministry going; indeed, in providing a Ministry. Probably there would have been no Locarno had he not abetted actively. Altogether, at this distance, it seems to us that when Hindenburg took the oath to support the German Republic he meant what he said. He has lived up to that oath, carried the country through a difficult crisis, made the politicians do their duty without antagonizing them, and has given the world a genuine feeling that the stability of the German Republic is there and is growing.

THE LAST OF THE MEN actively associated with John Brown in Kansas, Luke F. Parsons, has just died in that State. After taking part in all the struggles to make the soil of Kansas free, he even went as far as to go to Springdale, Iowa, and to drill with Brown's men there during the winter of 1857-1858. He was also a member of the little convention of forty-six men, headed by Brown, who met at Chatham, Canada, on May 8, 1858, and adopted a provisional constitution and ordinances for the people of the United States, "the better to protect our persons, property, lives, and liberties, and to govern our actions"—a constitution which planned armed insurrection. By putting off the attack upon Harper's Ferry until 1859, Brown lost the services of Mr. Parsons, who, brave man as he had proved himself to be in those Kansas skirmishes which are still called battles, had no stomach for an attack upon Harper's Ferry or any belief that such a venture could succeed. Mr. Parsons thus survived his leader for no less than sixty-six years, dying at the advanced age of ninety-two. Since John Brown's children are all dead, and all the leading pioneers in Kansas have left this scene, it is probable that Mr. Parsons was the last living link between the days of Bleeding Kansas and of Harper's Ferry and the present.

OSCAR STRAUS'S REPUTATION will not depend upon the fact that he was the first, and so far the only one, of his race to enter the Cabinet of the United States—Judah P. Benjamin made an excellent record in the Cabinet of the Confederacy. Mr. Straus, who died on May 3 in New York City, was also extremely successful as the first of our Jewish diplomats in Turkey, though the situation there was, of course, a far easier one than that faced by Messrs. Morgenthau and Elkus in later years. It was Cleveland, a Democrat, who recognized Mr. Straus's worth by sending him to Turkey, but it was a Republican President, Mr. Roosevelt, who made Mr. Straus his Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Undoubtedly political considerations entered into the latter choice, but so they do with most Cabinet appointments, and the truth is that Mr. Straus was distinctly Cabinet material and measured up well to the duty of an office which has since been divided into two departments. A lifelong advocate of peace, he never lost his interest in the question, though that interest was of the type which is loud for peace until the drums are heard. As a philanthropist and a leader of his race along many lines he won the esteem of all who came into contact with him.

INTERNATIONALISM in its best sense has been furthered by two recent conventions in New York City. The International Electrotechnical Commission, along with the usual banquets and motor trips and greetings from the Mayor, has been coming to grips with certain fundamental definitions and the standardization of terms and tests which are of the highest importance in facilitating a uni-

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versal language for applied science and in aiding the transfer of its benefits from country to country. A common rating for electric motors was one of the objectives of the conference. Its establishment, among other things, would put an end to the differences in pulling power between British and American horses! Meanwhile another series of meetings and banquets was laying the basis for a general international organization for industrial standardization. The constitution was drafted and discussed by the representatives of eighteen nations, including three extremely competent delegates from Russia. London was recommended as the seat of the new organization. Standardization may be a blight or a blessing, depending upon the fields in which it operates. The problems which both these learned conferences are tackling appear, fortunately, to be in the category of blessings.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY is to be congratulated on obtaining in Henry Sloane Coffin the ideal president. Dr. Coffin is a rare combination of scholar, teacher, pastor, preacher, and administrator. He knows the ministry from all its angles. He has long been connected with the seminary as a teacher, yet he brings to its service the fresh and practical point of view of the active ministry. The pity of it is that he has to leave his own church and his own parish wherein he has rendered a unique community service. As pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, moreover, he could assert a liberal leadership in the whole Presbyterian communion which will be denied him as head of the non-denominational seminary. Altogether we are tempted to wonder whether the seminary might not more easily than the church have found a substitute for Dr. Coffin. But of that he himself is the best judge. That one and the same man should be so needed in two positions is not only a tribute to Dr. Coffin; it is a testimony to the difficulty of filling certain positions in the modern church world.

NEVER HAVE THE PULITZER PRIZES been so well awarded as this year. Particularly do we rejoice that the Columbus, Georgia, *Enquirer-Sun* of Julian and Julia Harris has been recognized as the daily which has rendered the most conspicuous public service during the past year by the unsurpassed courage of its attacks upon the Ku Klux Klan and other Georgia evils. We are happy to record, too, the selection of "Craig's Wife" by George Kelly as the best American play of the year, and of Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith" as the best novel, all the more so as the merits of his "Main Street" and "Babbitt" were not thus recognized. Mr. Kelly's play was fortunate in the extraordinarily brilliant acting of it, but in workmanship and skill and general effectiveness it thoroughly earned the award. While the biography of Sir William Osler by Harvey Cushing has not had a great vogue, the worth of the volumes cannot be questioned, and the same is true of the sixth volume of Edward Channing's "History of the United States," which has been awarded the prize as the best book of the year in its field. Mr. Channing has been an admirable teacher and writer for so long now that it seems a most happy event that this award should come to him after his many years of arduous toil. Finally, the award of the poetry prize to Amy Lowell's "What's O'Clock" is a fresh reminder of the great loss sustained by American letters in her premature and lamented death.

Farm Legislation at Washington

SO far as Congress and the President are concerned, the question of what legislation shall be passed for the benefit of the farmers at the present session of Congress has become a purely political one. If this were not a year of congressional and senatorial elections, there would be no legislation whatever. But so great is the fear of the farmer vote next fall, and so eager are the Democrats to make capital of the existing situation, that it now looks as if some legislation would be jammed through for the President's signature, or possibly for his veto.

Mark Sullivan and other correspondents declare that the Haugen, or so-called Corn Belt bill, provides during a period of two years for an outright government subsidy of $350,000,000, plus another $25,000,000 which is to be repaid in twenty years. The bill provides that the fixed price for American consumers of American crops shall be the price abroad "at the principal export market of the principal competing foreign country," plus the American tariff, plus the cost of transportation to America. The Haugen bill even goes so far as to provide that whenever foreign goods are sold here at a price below that fixed under the measure the President shall declare a complete embargo against the foreign goods. But this interpretation of the bill as calling for an outright subsidy is challenged by its advocates. They point out that from the first the intent was to use the $250,000,000, originally proposed, as a revolving fund to be repaid by equalization fees upon the units of the products handled. The fees thus paid by the farmers in return for government aid were to repay the $250,000,000 to the government. Aside from an appropriation of $300,000 a year to carry on a service of information the sponsors of the original McNary-Haugen bill never intended that the Treasury should be mulcted for a cent. It was Representative Haugen personally who accepted an amendment to the Corn Belt bill providing for postponement of the equalization fee for two years and adding an extra $100,000,000, thus laying the proposal open to the charge of its being a raid upon the Treasury—we so interpreted it in our issue of April 28. It is only fair to state, however, that this was done over the protest of the farmers' organizations and appears to have been an effort to placate the Administration, which is opposed to the equalization fee.

The Secretary of Agriculture has been supporting the Tincher bill, which provides for a farm board with limited powers and for a loan fund of $100,000,000 up. Here, too, there are varying interpretations, since there are those who believe that the bulk of this sum would eventually be a gift to the cooperative associations. If the bill was a device to win Southern cotton support away from the Corn Belt measure, it has apparently failed in its purpose. Moreover, the President himself has put both his Secretary of Agriculture and Mr. Tincher in an unhappy situation by announcing, in connection with his signing of the bill increasing the Spanish and Philippine War pensions, that he will sign no other bills carrying large appropriations from the Treasury. In our judgment the Tincher bill will not pass, but a modification of the Corn Belt bill may be voted for politics purely. If that happens, we do not look for a presidential veto despite the fact that there have been the usual dispatches declaring that Mr. Coolidge will

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"stand fast." He has stood fast at no point in this entire farm-relief fight.

As for our own attitude toward this legislation, we find it indefensible in principle and vicious in practice, justifiable only on the ground of a serious temporary emergency necessitating immediate relief at any cost. By all means let us have legislation to free the cooperative associations from any uncertainty as to their present position and helping them to develop. If relief must come from the Treasury it should be clear-cut and above board with a definite limitation as to time. The truth is that this emergency of the farmer is, as we have frequently pointed out, a direct corollary of our mischievous tariff policy. Many of those who demand help recognize this, but ask this "equality" for agriculture because they see no hope of modifying or removing tariffs for years to come. We agree with Mr. Coolidge, or rather with a Mr. Coolidge who spoke at Chicago on December 7, that the precedent is bad; it puts the government into partnership with the farmers as it is now in partnership with the manufacturers.

Finally, if the Corn Belt bill should pass, it should be with an amendment returning to the immediate equalization-fee plan and by striking out the extra $100,000,000 which Mr. Haugen put in with so delightful a gesture of generosity when he postponed the fee for two years. The clause giving the President the power to lay an embargo on foreign goods when they are sold in America at a price under that fixed in the bill ought also to go. The whole proposal of price-fixing is an unnatural one and is bound to work badly in practice. In our judgment it would be better to give direct financial relief. The real remedy is the freeing of agriculture by abolishing the tariff.

The Shipping Trust Dissolves

THE announcement from London that the sale of the White Star Line by the International Mercantile Marine has been finally agreed upon marks the beginning of the end of what was to have been a shipping trust and was one of the elder J. P. Morgan's most unfortunate business ventures. It was in the spring of 1902 that Mr. Morgan, having successfully launched the gigantic United States Steel Corporation, conceived the idea of creating a great merchant fleet to be owned by an American holding company or trust. The hour was most unpropitious, for the year 1901 had been marked by a slump of 30 per cent in coal rates and a decrease in other freight tariffs. The Boer War was still going on and had in its service no less than 2,000,000 tons of shipping, the exact equivalent of the entire German tonnage of that date. Despite that absorption of vessels, a number of ships had been laid up and others were running in ballast one way across the Atlantic. In addition to that, new construction in 1901 had reached the high figure of 2,617,000 tons. Yet in the face of these facts and of diminishing profits, Mr. Morgan not only put together the American, White Star, Red Star, Leyland, and Dominion lines, but the Atlantic Transport also, and bonded them for $50,000,000. Naturally, he did not go unrewarded. For its services the underwriting syndicate, which he headed, received $2,500,000 in preferred and $25,000,000 in common stock.

Not unnaturally the merger roused great uneasiness in England and a dissatisfaction which has never been dissipated. To have the finest English liners owned and directed from America was obviously an unhappy situation. It gave rise to no little political controversy on both sides of the ocean—in England partly because of the desire to retain the British ships on the reserve list of the fleet. In this country the criticism was directed against the combination of American and British interests, which it was held gave the British a control over ships supposedly owned by Americans. The most powerful indictment of this situation was voiced by the late Senator La Follette in August, 1921, when he declared that the company should be compelled to divorce itself from British shipping interests if it wished to continue in business as an American company. The International Mercantile Marine, he declared,

> cannot serve two masters. It cannot be bound by contracts or by self-interest to serve and promote our own shipping, which is in direct competition with that of Great Britain. . . . There must be no divided allegiance. The crews must be American seamen, the officers must be American officers, and the ships must be American owned and free to . . . struggle for our portion of the maritime commerce of the world.

That which Mr. La Follette desired to accomplish by legislation now bids fair to be achieved as a result of the action of natural forces and unnatural ocean conditions. The company from the beginning was heavily over-capitalized, and the untoward conditions attending its birth, followed by the dislocation of traffic during the war, the over-building of the war period, the rise of a great American nation-owned fleet, and the great slump in shipping since 1921, have all combined to make it impossible for the company to earn the cumulative preferred dividends for some years past. They have now mounted to 63½ per cent and constitute a burden that can hardly be lifted for years.

No one denies the ability with which the International Mercantile Marine fleet has been managed. Yet the time has come when the management is ready to sacrifice the line which earned the most money for it, the White Star, and it is taken for granted that the sale of this company will be followed by a similar procedure in the case of the other foreign-owned lines. This is an outcome to be welcomed. It will do much for better relations in the shipping world, even if it increases the competition between Great Britain and America, and we sincerely trust that it is true that P. A. S. Franklin will devote his great organizing talents to acquiring additional ships from the Government so that there may be a first-class American line in the transatlantic trade. He has already begun to move toward the Pacific by operating ships from the Atlantic to our West coast, and we believe that, with its heavy bond issue paid off and its finances conservatively reorganized, the company may yet play a great role in American shipping.

So far as the trust aspect is concerned, Mr. Morgan failed to realize properly how free the sea is and how difficult it is to limit competition thereon. Again, his dream that his shipping trust would turn out to be a valuable aid to the United States Steel Corporation proved an idle one. The breakdown illustrates the fact, too, that this combination did not make the savings in management and overhead which were expected, and never became a harmonious whole, not only because of the different flags under which the ships were operating, but because of the varying natures of the several lines themselves and the different kinds of traffic to which they had to cater.

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The "Wicked and Criminal Fight" in England

THAT'S what Ramsay MacDonald has called it, and that is what it is. More than that, it is a revolt against the old, decaying political order which once more, in the person of a good and kindly man, Premier Baldwin, has shown its utter incompetency to deal with a pressing economic issue that cannot be solved until it is solved aright. Those London newspapers are correct which have likened the situation to that which precipitated the nations of Europe into the base and needless war of 1914. This dreadful civil impasse has been reached primarily because the British Cabinet of today has similarly bungled the simple question of a continuing peace among the miners and their employers. The Prime Minister has had months of warning. He himself fixed the date of the crisis by declaring that the Government would cease its subsidies on May 1. He knew that the miners could not accept the Coal Commission's report or he would not have been for several weeks past seeking a compromise.

To us it looks as if Mr. Baldwin had all but invited the conflict—press reports of Winston Churchill's speech on the night of the general strike declare that he seemed "almost to glory" in the struggle—in the belief that the appeal to patriotism, to stand by the government against a near-revolutionary "alternative government," as Mr. Baldwin has termed it, would carry him through and enable him to smash both the unions and the Labor Party. If so, then, as Mr. MacDonald has said, the action of the Ministry is more than ever a crime, and we are happy to record his earnest statement as to the attitude of his Labor associates: "It is my conscientious belief that I have never been associated with a body of men who have striven more earnestly or with greater desire to make peace. The decision of the Government last night to break off negotiations was a crime against society. This fight is an unnecessary fight, a wicked and criminal fight."

So the mischief is done. The Government which charges the strikers with having assailed civil liberties and the constitution of England begins by abolishing both the liberties and the constitution under a special emergency act passed just after the war. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill now assume to save England from miners fighting not only for a living wage and decent conditions of labor but against being victims of an industry avowedly chaotic, avowedly medieval in its ownership, avowedly in need of complete modernization of its methods. The Sankey Commission thus portrayed the industry in its report of March 20, 1919, and the Baldwin Coal Commission has done no less. It, too, declared that the industry needed complete overhauling, the consolidation of mining operations, the abandonment of mines too costly to operate, pending which labor was to pay the price of the mismanagement by giving longer hours and taking smaller wages. We are glad that the miners have refused; that they have had the manhood and courage to face the issue; that they have risked defeat rather than to submit once more to bearing upon their backs the burdens of mismanagement, inefficiency, and waste. We rejoice with all our hearts that their comrades in the other unions have faced suffering and great financial loss in order to show their solidarity with men who deserve the sympathy of the world.

That they will not get. Already this strike is being portrayed in this country and in England as a fight between liberty and tyranny, with Baldwin playing the role of prostrate liberty and millions of English workers as the tyrants. The same men who were considered good enough to be slaughtered in the trenches because of the criminal incompetence of their statesmen are now to be slaughtered in the eyes of the world by being denounced as "reds" and revolutionists, the enemies of their country. The very editors in the United States who have not one word of opposition, or who openly rejoice, when a Horthy or a Rivera or a Mussolini wipes his feet upon liberty and destroys all vestige of democratic government will now inveigh most solemnly against the menace to democracy of workers who are asking nothing more than that they shall have decent conditions of life for themselves and their children. Again will the world be drugged by high-sounding phrases. Precisely as in 1914 the facts will be obscured by the appeal for civilization against chaos, for government against rule by a "selfish and irresponsible minority." Everywhere the claim will be made that only the ministerial side is patriotic, and we shall have an echo of this in every country on earth among those who believe that their will shall prevail because they have education and wealth and are fortified by successful greed and privilege.

For ourselves we are not at all afraid of any threat to government which lies in the strike, even if it proves to be another nail in the coffin of political government. We are not so in love with the results of government by the masters as to be terrified at the thought of government by the mastered. What we do regret is that the British unions are jeopardized and that the Labor Party must now fight for its life. Possibly it is as well; perhaps since the issue would have to be joined some day it is best to have it now. The pity of it is that it has had to come at all; that men cannot yet order their social relations so as to do away with conflict altogether.

We cannot deny that when an industrial war like this has been begun it is no more possible to say where or when it will end than it is possible to limit a military war. If blood is spilled, then the innocent will be the chief sufferers and the most guilty will probably escape with whole skins, like the bunglers of the World War. Unfortunately, when passions are aroused in such a conflict the extremists on both sides come to the front; moderate men are brushed aside. We can only hope that, even now, the sound British instinct for muddling through will find the solution before irreparable damage is done, before the strike becomes a class war in dead earnest, before the industrial ruin of England takes place.

With the odds all against the workers, we none the less hope that they will win promptly and to the extent that the promised nationalization of the mines will have to take place at once. If justice is done this will happen. If justice is done, the Baldwin Ministry will fall. If justice is done, it will be succeeded by a cabinet devoted not to the interests of the few but to the welfare of the masses.

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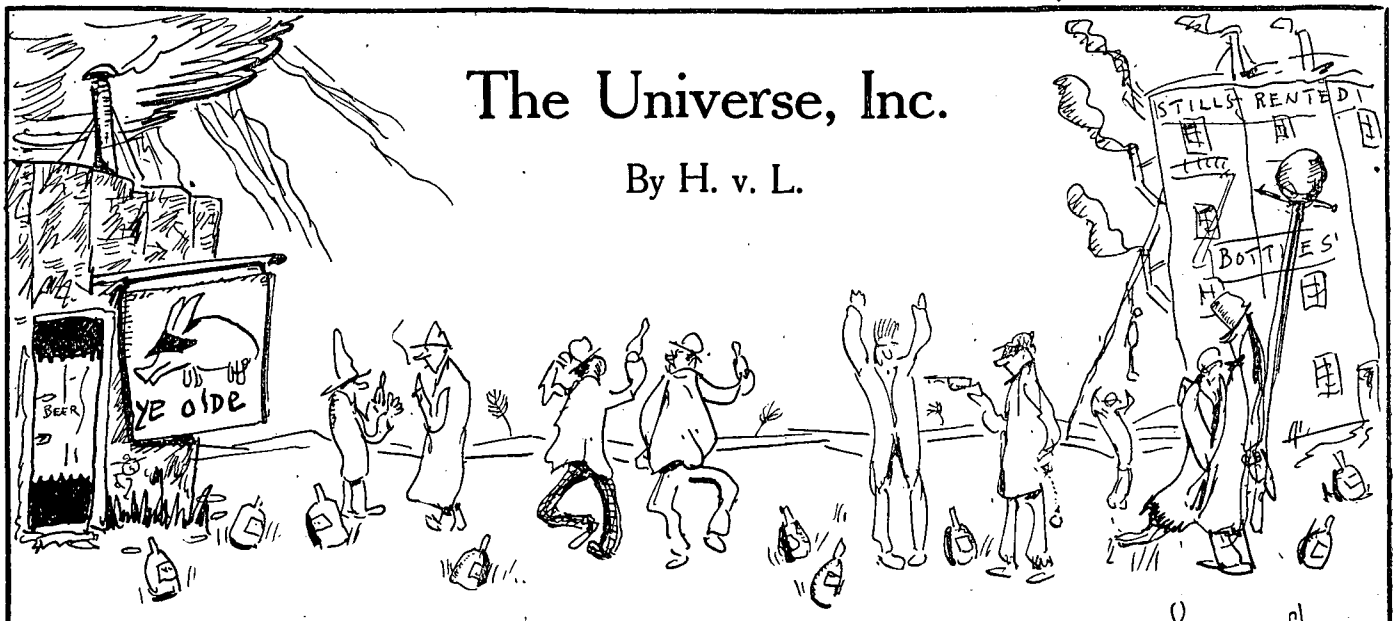
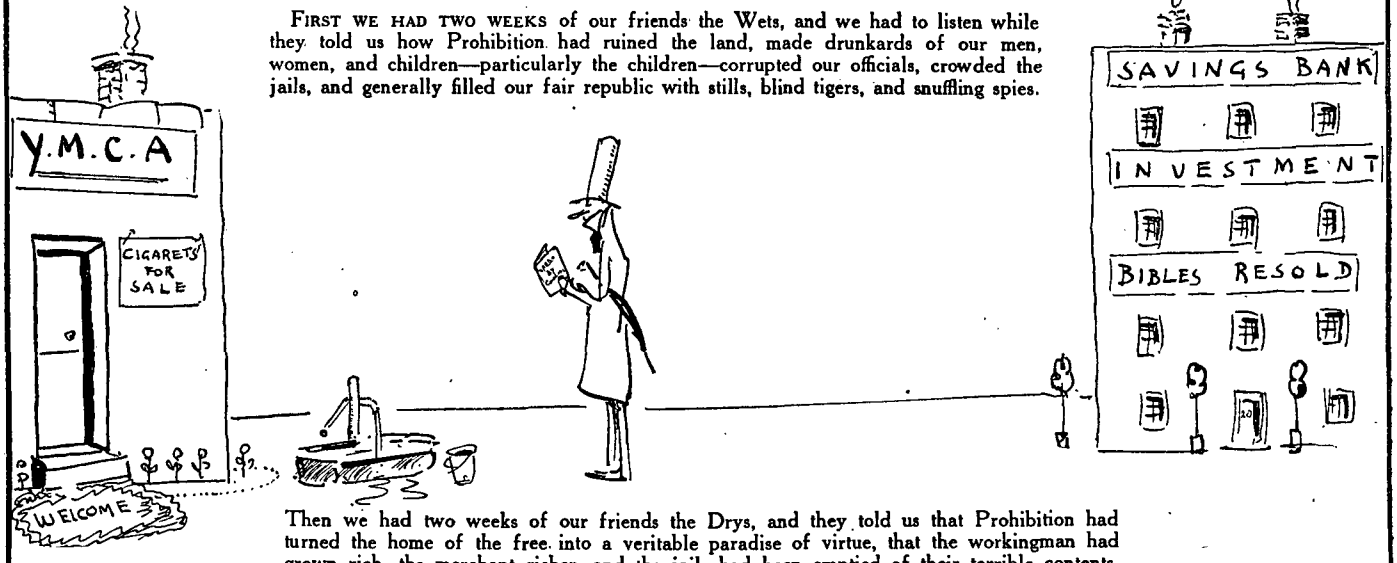
The Universe, Inc.

By H. v. L.



FIRST WE HAD TWO WEEKS of our friends the Wets, and we had to listen while they told us how Prohibition had ruined the land, made drunkards of our men, women, and children—particularly the children—corrupted our officials, crowded the jails, and generally filled our fair republic with stills, blind tigers, and snuffling spies.



Then we had two weeks of our friends the Drys, and they told us that Prohibition had turned the home of the free into a veritable paradise of virtue, that the workingman had grown rich, the merchant richer, and the jails had been emptied of their terrible contents.

And now, what a joy it is to forget all about these friends and to realize that the sun still shines, the birdies continue to sing, and we shall not have to listen to either side for at least another three weeks.

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Half a Century of Ethical Culture

By HENRY NEUMANN

"THE progress of religion is steadily to its identity with morals." Emerson's statement comes to mind again as this month brings the fiftieth birthday of the Ethical Movement, a movement which from the start went far beyond even the most liberal of the churches in dedicating itself simply to "promoting the knowledge, the love, and the practice of the right."

Religious it has been from its beginnings. The usual rationalist objections to the dogmas were not the chief reason why Felix Adler went out from the faith of his fathers. The leading impulse was the intensely felt need of a new consecrating influence; and though to many persons the Sunday meetings of the ethical societies, without prayer or ritual, seem cold, there are those whose desire for spiritual life has been so touched by the moral passion in the founder that they sometimes wonder why others do not respond in similar fashion to the words inscribed in the New York Meeting-House: "The place where men seek the Highest is holy ground." If the orthodox have not felt at home in this hall, neither have the moral skeptics. The atmosphere is too religious.

This positive purpose has given to morality as understood by the ethical societies a grander connotation than the meager and often unlovely suggestions sometimes conveyed by the term. In his platform utterances, in his writings, and in his classes and seminars at Columbia University, where he has held the chair of Political and Social Ethics since 1902, Mr. Adler has never ceased to insist that ethical living for the human race as a whole, no less than for the individual, is essentially a life of constant advance. Profoundly reverent toward the sages and seers of earlier ages, he has taught that more light upon the way of life is necessary than can be found in the Old Testament and the New. He holds that for the complicated existence of today there is need, for example, of a new ideal for the relations of the sexes. The dealings of group with group in modern industry require more thoroughgoing formulas than the old unexamined maxims—justice, mercy, the Golden Rule. That our democracy has never genuinely faced the root problems offered by the need to respect diversity as truly as unity is evidenced by the shames to which America has been led in recent years by its sudden awakening to the fact of acute differences among its peoples. Wickedness has slain its thousands; inadequate ideals have slain more. "The better world we look for will come, not merely by better conditions, nor yet by the level application of such conceptions of truth and justice as we already know, but with the aid of larger shapes of truth and juster justice that will appear as the ages roll their course."

Of the efforts to put its views into practice many pages might be written. The *International Journal of Ethics*, the quarterly now published at the University of Chicago, was founded to promote specialized thinking in this domain. The International Moral Education Congresses and the International Races Congress (held in London in 1911 to draw attention to the highly serious world-problems arising from racial contacts) were inaugurated by the International Ethical Union. The Ethical Culture School, begun in 1878 as the first kindergarten in New York, has been a pioneer to which not only many of the progressive schools of later date but public schools all over the globe have been largely indebted. Not a few widely read books, besides Mr. Adler's, such as the texts of David Saville Muzzey and Percival Chubb, fellow-leaders in the movement, have been the outcome of work in the Ethical Culture School. An experimental school of the same kind was started by the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture four years ago. To the present New York School of Ethical Culture of 900 pupils, with its Normal Department and its Pre-Vocational Art High School, there are now to be added on a site in Riverdale two other pre-vocational high schools.

To allude to Dr. Adler's work with Jacob Riis and others in the early days of tenement-house reform, his long chairmanship of the National Child Labor Committee, his chairmanship of the Arbitration Committee instituted by masters and employees in 1911—the first of such tribunals created by the clothing industry—his chairmanship of the Sub-Committee on Social Legislation in the Reconstruction Committee appointed by Governor Smith in 1920 is but to mention an example and an influence carried further in many directions by his coworkers.

Whether in such efforts as those of the recent Housing Commission in New York or of the Inter-Professional Conference to raise the ethical standards of the vocations, or of liberal or of radical groups in the peace movements, or in civic reform, or elsewhere—wherever attempts to promote better life are under way—members of ethical societies are sure to be active. In endless striving "to produce a new excellence in the nature of man, to change the externals of life with a view to the effect which such changes will have on the inner life," and, in so doing, to continue clarifying their vision of better and best relations for the whole of life, they have learned from Felix Adler is the way to live religiously.

But it is also characteristic of the man that membership in the ethical societies does not imply commitment to the views of the founder. No person is pledged to the beliefs of any of the leaders or of any majority in the membership. Although, for instance, Mr. Adler supported America's participation in the World War, two of his colleagues took the pacifist position as freely, and they and others have differed with him in their philosophic, economic, or social beliefs. The freedom with which instructors in the Ethical Culture School have discussed with their classes burning problems of the day has made them the envy of many teachers elsewhere. To escape from theological sectarianism only to found other sects on social or ethical lines has been as remote from the purpose of the Ethical Movement as anything that can be conceived. To multitudes brought up on detailed and rigidly prescribed statements of doctrinal belief, a freedom such as this seems either vague or terrifying. It has kept the numbers in the ethical fellowships (there are only six societies in America) smaller than they would perhaps otherwise have been. But this liberty in the quest for truth has contributed mightily to the vitality of the movement.

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Sex Standards in Moscow

By PAUL BLANSHARD

RUSSIA since the revolution has been an experimental laboratory in sex relationship. The innovations in family and personal standards under the Communist regime constitute the first deliberate attempt by a modern nation to alter its fundamental sex ideals.

On the surface of things the visitor to Moscow is not struck with any startling innovations in personal conduct. Lovers walk through parks, parents play with children, wives ask for divorces with alimony. The great majority of the Russian people are probably unaware that an experiment is going on in sexual adjustments. For the peasants the old habits continue. The church wedding is almost universal for them, the abhorrence of divorce is carried over from the old regime. The most reactionary church in the world still holds them in its grip and the priests of that church continue to describe marriage as a sacrament. When the village bridegroom is tempted to shake off the old standard and seek blessings without benefit of clergy his bride is likely to demand a religious ceremony as a guaranty of social standing. She is "more married" that way. Among the city workers the change in outlook upon sex standards is much more obvious.

The most striking result of the Communist regime in the field of sex life is the complete frankness of the younger generation in Moscow in facing and discussing sex problems. One night last August an outdoor meeting of young Communists was held in Moscow to discuss the problem of abortion. About six hundred were present ranging in ages from eighteen to twenty-five. The meeting lasted five hours, everybody stayed, everybody listened. The young people discussed sex relations, abortion, and love with the candor of obstetricians. The views advanced ranged from the naive to the cynical, but they were all stated unblushingly. Sex experience was taken for granted as a normal thing inside or outside of marriage. The desire of Russian women to have children was also taken for granted as a normal thing. The meeting was unanimous in recognizing the dangers of abortion, but offered no adequate alternative. Sexual abstinence was generally considered impractical for adults, but birth control was scarcely mentioned.

This frankness in public discussion of sex problems probably constitutes a more important contribution to the solution of sex problems than any actual changes that have taken place in Russian family life. The Communists persistently campaign against the reticences which have surrounded sex life. Their posters on venereal disease, pregnancy, and abortion have been plastered all over Russia. The government film "Abortion" has been distributed to all the cities and towns. It shows the birth of an actual baby upon the screen and depicts in excellent, non-salacious diagrams the process of conception and the growth of the foetus. It tells the story of a working girl who went to a midwife for an abortion and died as the result. The final reel pictures the midwife grimacing behind prison bars. This film has drawn enormous audiences wherever it has been shown in Russia.

Part of the robust attitude toward sexual facts among the young people of Moscow is a product of Russian tradition. Mixed bathing *au naturel* in the rivers near Moscow has been common for generations and can be witnessed any Sunday afternoon in warm weather. The novelists and story writers of Russia are not burdened with prudery. The Communist censorship, although very rigid in political matters, makes no attempt to suppress any description of passion which is the work of a serious artist, but its hand falls heavily upon peep-hole obscenity. In this respect its standards are in sharp contrast with those of American Puritanism.

Marriage as a legal form in the Bolshevik view is of little importance and recent changes in marriage and divorce laws have not in any way modified the fundamental attitude of the Government toward sexual union. Marriage is an agreement between two people to have each other; there is no legal compulsion to register marriage; there are no laws against people who live together without marriage. There are no legal handicaps upon the children of non-registered sex unions. The Communist Party still expels any member who is married by a priest. But the Communists have been far from successful in imposing their view of marriage upon a majority of the Russian people.

There seems to be no proof of the conventional charge made against the Communists that they are "destroying the family" unless the critic adopts a special definition of the family to suit his purposes. While extra-marital unions are probably increasing in Moscow under the Communist regime, it is also true that marriage is increasing. When it is pointed out that it is quite common for young couples to live together in Moscow without legal ceremony it should also be pointed out that extra-marital unions in Moscow are not an exclusive feature of these post-revolutionary days. The life of the Russian city has never been particularly chaste, and there are some who declare that extra-marital sex life was more common under the Czar than it is today. The family as a voluntary love-union of a man and a woman seems to be little affected by the changed standards. The family of a compulsory union of two people who stay together out of habit or fear of social stigma in separation is being destroyed slowly. It is also being destroyed in Tokio, Chicago, and Milan.

The Communist's attitude toward divorce is consistent with his attitude toward marriage. Institutional forms are not emphasized; the personal choice of the parties involved is all important. When both parties agree to ask for a divorce there is no place on the official application blank for "grounds for divorce." In fact, "grounds for divorce" do not exist in the new Russia. The marriage clerk would not ask the couple why they wished to be married and the divorce clerk would consider it equally impudent to ask why a couple should seek divorce. The causes of divorce are matters of private concern, and, if the line is not too long, man and wife can still get a divorce in Moscow in fifteen minutes, provided both parties sign the application. Marriages and divorces for the Moscow area are granted in the same little upper room of the court building, by the same clerks. An artist would find it infinitely diverting

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to study the faces of those workers in their gray smocks and women with shawls drawn close, who sit on the benches waiting patiently. There are stolidity and wistful hope and fear and springtime ecstasy written there, but who knows whether they are seeking marriage or divorce?

Russian newspapers are almost completely free of family scandal. The Communist censors would not permit them to gloat over a Rhinelander case. Political and academic careers are not snuffed out overnight by personal departure from an established sex code. In fact, the lasciviousness of sex suppression is noticeably absent from both the press and stage of Moscow. The traveler who goes westward in Europe is startled by the intense and almost hysterical sexuality of the Berlin and Paris stage after the matter-of-fact robustness of Moscow.

The observer who hears of the ease of divorce in Moscow in those cases when both parties agree to disagree may jump to an unwarranted conclusion. He may infer that all divorce in Russia is easy and that nothing is done to protect women with children from desertion. This is not the case. A husband with children cannot shirk the burden of contributing to their support after divorce. If the wife wishes to contest the husband's request for divorce, alimony for the children must be set by the court in essentially the same manner in which it is set in America. If the husband satisfies the reasonable economic demands of his wife and children the divorce is granted in every case, but not until then.

Last summer the court was called upon to make a ruling in the case of a woman who wished to divorce a crippled husband and remarry. The crippled husband complained that he had no source of help if his wife deserted him and the court ruled that if the woman married again she must arrange to have her new husband contribute to the support of her old husband. The law also protects the children of the unmarried as rigorously as the children of the married.

During 1925 several new rulings were made concerning the protection of "illegitimate" children. (The phrase "illegitimate" children is never used in the new Russian law in an odious sense. Children are rated as equals whether born in or out of wedlock.) Hitherto if the paternity of the child of an unmarried mother was in doubt, all possible fathers who could be identified were compelled to contribute to the support of the child. This led to much confusion. Under the new law the court must choose one possible father and place the responsibility upon him. When the first case under this new ruling came up, Moscow papers suspended their usual rule of suppressing scandal and printed with much hilarity the account of a selection by the court of a hapless young worker as the most available of all possible fathers, chiefly because he was less attached and more able to pay than others involved.

The ideals of the Lucy Stone League have now been definitely sanctioned by the Russian Government. A woman in marrying signifies on her application blank whether she wishes to keep her own name or take her husband's name; if she fails to signify her choice, it is assumed that she keeps her own name. The names of children who have parents with different names are chosen mutually by the parents and, in the absence of agreement, a child takes the parental name which comes nearer the beginning of the alphabet.

In spite of these minor innovations there are not as many divorces in Moscow in proportion to marriages as there are in American cities. In 1924 in the government district which includes Moscow there were 3.8 per cent as many divorces as marriages. In the State of Ohio there were 22 per cent. In Moscow itself the percentage was about 7. That is, there were seven divorces to every one hundred marriages in Moscow in 1924, and 51 to every one hundred marriages in Cleveland during that year. No far-reaching conclusion can be drawn from these figures, because it is impossible to know the number of extra-marital unions in Moscow or Cleveland, but they raise a very serious question whether the family is being broken up any more rapidly in Russia than in the United States. Marriages, incidentally, definitely increased in Moscow during the early months of 1925.

Do the new sex standards of Moscow lead to degeneracy? It is impossible to make any scientific answer to the charges that have been advanced by some Communists that there is an over-indulgence in the new generation. Certainly the worst forms of degeneracy, prostitution, and venereal disease have not been increased by the new standards. Probably no capital of Europe is more free from open vice than Moscow. The government department of health is conducting a thoroughgoing campaign against venereal disease, by means of posters, lectures, books, and clinics, in all parts of Russia.

With all the emphasis upon a modernist attitude toward sex problems, it is surprising to find almost no birth-control movement in Russia. Birth control is branded by some Communists as bourgeois, apparently because it was practiced in the old Russia almost exclusively by the upper class. The Russian peasant lacks all the prerequisites of birth control, including money, knowledge, and inclination. He breeds prolifically with no opposition to his fecundity on the part of the Bolsheviks. In fact, a historic speech of Lenin's before the revolution is quoted to show that the great leader definitely condemned birth control. The Russian birth-rate is now almost as high as before the war and it must be remembered that the pre-war birth-rate was very high as compared with other nations.

In lieu of birth control the Government has turned to legalized and regulated abortion. Abortion was legalized in 1920 by the health authorities in order to diminish the number of deaths from operations performed by incompetent midwives. For the last three years careful statistics have been kept of the registered abortions performed in the government hospitals in almost all parts of Russia, so Russia becomes the first country in the world in which a thorough sociological study of abortion is possible. Theoretically, it is illegal for any Russian woman to have an abortion performed outside of a licensed hospital, but the law cannot be enforced, because there are not adequate hospital facilities for all Russia. The problem of abortion is chiefly a city problem, because the practice is very uncommon among the peasants.

The Soviet Government has established a definite order of preference in handling cases of abortion in its hospitals. There are categories of descending preference. First come women out of work, then women who have many children and no living husband, then women who are working who have a young child, then women who have many children with a husband, then all other women who are members of some health-insurance unit like a factory.

In 1924 a study was made of the causes for abortion

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in the Moscow district and it was found that the crowded conditions of Moscow homes constituted the chief cause for abortion. In fact, overcrowded homes were given as causes in 67 per cent of the cases. Most of the women asking for abortion had many children already or else, as in 33 per cent of the cases, they were nursing young children at the time of application. The aim of the Soviet health authorities is to reduce the cases of serious illness due to abortion outside of a recognized hospital, first by urging women to avoid abortion whenever possible and second by educating them to use hospital facilities if they decide that abortion is necessary. A large task is still to be accomplished in this educational work as evidenced by the fact that in 1924 there were 150,000 women treated in Soviet hospitals due to abortion, of whom 40,000 came to the hospitals in weakened condition because of outside treatment. The Soviet health authorities argue that their method of bringing abortion into public use and regulation is producing better results than the strict repressive penalties of Germany. They declare that in 1924 in Berlin four out of every 100 cases of abortion resulted in death, while in Moscow less than one-tenth of one per cent resulted in death. They point out also that the proportion of abortions to births in Russia is decreasing.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has never until lately been able to understand the solemn determination with which some persons choose a place in which to die. He never could see why the point of departure should appear so important when the voyage ahead looms so dark and menacing and uncharted. But recently a letter from a friend, an absent editor of *The Nation*, has brought him to a different state of mind; the Drifter has decided to die in China. Says the Drifter's friend:

* * * * *

"I STRAYED out this morning, out of this neat and frigid Legation Quarter—whose only touch of human warmth was a cheerful shout of *Camarade!* from an Albanian member of the Foreign Legion who sat behind me on the way from Tientsin into Peking. . . . A most impressive funeral procession caught me in its wake. Some sixty dirty-faced urchins led the parade, strung out loosely for the equivalent of a couple of city blocks, each wearing a curious green smock and carrying a Chinese painting, bordered by red cotton cloth, on a long bamboo pole. Here and there among them strolled a toothless old man carrying a sort of enormous red lampshade, embroidered most intricately with gold and green and pink and yellow, also on a red bamboo pole. Behind them, somewhat closer together, were some twenty small boys carrying, again on bamboo poles, wreaths of luridly colored paper flowers. Then came a group of very old and bent gentlemen wearing curious black hats, like sailor hats with a higher turned-up brim, bearing beautiful and strange gilded drums. A dirty Robin Hood character with a large red feather in his hat wandered about this part of the procession, superintending affairs. More lampshades. Then six boys, looking like bakers' apprentices in dirty white smocks, carried an ornate structure like a French chef's dream of the frosting for a giant's wedding cake. Four diminutive lads, six or eight years old, tripped along carrying large dummy dolls, life-size and man-size, mostly Chinese but one of them wearing a sort of Charlie Chaplin felt hat. The boys wore dirty tams with red feathers. A handsome empty sedan chair, very ornate, followed, carried by enormous gentlemen. Ten men in white smocks followed, carrying a huge drum slung on a bamboo pole, and another walked alongside beating it. A Chinese band—flutes, gongs, and drums—followed, and, playing simultaneously, a Western band followed that—beautiful bandsmen with double red ribbons down the sides of their blue trousers, generous red epaulettes, and white feathers in their chocolate-soldier hats. Twelve happy young men with red and green bands about their soiled foreheads came next, bearing seven-foot-long white paper imitation feather-dusters—these young men being, or looking, younger than my son Michael. Then came the hearse itself—a magnificent funeral car, covered with a really beautiful piece of embroidery, with gorgeous peacocks on both sides, and a pattern of flying cranes along the top. Thirty men struggled along under the complex system of red poles which held it; these bearers wore ornamented green smocks and round black flat hats from which red feathers leaped skyward. And behind them came the mourners, in ancient cabs which looked as if they had been exported from Richmond, Virginia, in the days of Reconstruction hardships. And all through the leisurely procession dodged rickshaws, coolies, indignant parents chasing their young, squeaky Chinese wheelbarrows, and—myself."

* * * * *

NOT only are Chinese funerals colorful and festive occasions for the public, but provision is made for the traveler's own comfort on his long and dangerous journey. He is sent off well supplied with food and utensils and some of his favorite knick-knacks. A Chinese gentleman, recently deceased, even had the comfort of taking with him into the next world—in effigy at least—his new and much-prized motor car. Whether these arrangements actually ease the voyager on his lonely way the Drifter cannot pretend to guess. At least they relieve the emotions of those left behind and create a public diversion contrasting pleasantly with the dismal pomp of even our most magnificent Western funerals. The Drifter, when his time of departure comes, has decided in spite of all precedents that he will "go East."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Sigmund Freud's Seventieth Birthday

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On May 6 of this year in his quiet home in the Berggasse, Vienna, Sigmund Freud will celebrate his seventieth birthday. For many months in all parts of the world the followers and friends of Professor Freud have been planning the celebration of this event.

One recalls with a certain amusement the picture which Freud gave us of what he expected his future to be. "I should be able," he wrote in an early work, "to support myself, but science will take no notice of me during my lifetime. Several decades later someone will stumble on the same findings." This more fortunate person would bring the discoveries into general recognition.

And today from all over the world—from Germany, Austria, Holland, Switzerland, Hungary, England, India, Russia, and America—branches of the International Psychoanalytical Society are writing to honor and send greetings to the master of Vienna. The complete works of Freud in eleven large vol-

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umes are being presented to him by the International Psychoanalytic Press. This company was founded in 1919 with the object of publishing and spreading the work of Freud and his disciples. Special issues of the two German psychoanalytic magazines devoted one to the medical and therapeutic aspects of the new science and the other to its application to arts and letters have been prepared for the occasion.

New York, April 29 CAROLINA NEWTON

The Uncivilized Chinese Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Civilized" warfare is apparently taboo to the soldiers of the Chinese radical army, according to an account sent by an American missionary, Father Gleason, formerly of St. Louis, from Fachow and published in the May number of the *Field Afar*, a missionary organ. In this account Father Gleason tells of the taking of Fachow by the "Bolsheviks." He then reports:

> The next week there was a young revolution in the Fachow "Reds" camp when nearly one thousand soldiers refused to obey orders. Imagine it: Bolsheviks acting bolsheviky! I never saw a town shut up so quickly. The rebels were marched out upon the beach in front of the mission. They were disarmed; their guns stacked up, the ammunition put in piles, and we expected that they would be shot. But no; instead, each man was given two ounces of opium as his pay and all were sent home. A few hours and the excitement was over.

Possibly when these "Bolsheviks" become conservative, civilized, and Christianized they will treat their recalcitrants in the conservative, civilized, and Christian way in which the missionaries had thought they would be treated.

Baltimore, April 28 SAMUEL DANZIGER

"Labor Economics"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read Benjamin Stolberg's review of "Labor Economics" by Solomon Blum with mingled feelings of satisfaction and disappointment.

I agree substantially with what Mr. Stolberg says of the book itself. It is probably true that Mr. Blum "suffers somewhat from the Fabian complex of the scholar who hesitates to draw conclusions even from the soundest premises, and who tends to cover most fully those aspects of his subject with which he is most familiar." But Mr. Stolberg thoughtfully pointed out in his first paragraph that "the same facts often lead to different findings," which may explain Mr. Blum's hesitation to draw conclusions; and the practice of writing about what one knows best is worthy of emulation.

Mr. Stolberg is evidently disappointed because Mr. Blum did not write a book like the "History of Labor in the United States" by Professor Commons and his associates, "which was a definitive appraisal of American labor before the war," but whose central thesis "no longer holds good." Mr. Blum had a profound respect for the work of Professor Commons but no desire to duplicate it. His field lay elsewhere. Mr. Stolberg's statement that "He really deals with the general structure of economic society, with special reference to labor," is a pretty fair statement of Mr. Blum's position.

Mr. Blum might have written a book on "Labor Problems" and an answer book to accompany it; but he distrusted facile solutions. He regarded the labor situation as a parallelogram of forces, the resultant of which never gains more than momentary equilibrium. He was not so much interested in the temporary position of this resultant as in an analysis of the permanent forces that give it direction.

San Francisco, March 15 A. B. MAVITY

London's *Foreign Affairs*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editor of that fine, truth-telling paper, *Foreign Affairs* (London), announces that Mrs. E. D. Morel offers a donation of $500 to the Union of Democratic Control—which publishes that paper—provided four other persons can be found to make a similar offer.

Is not this a good opportunity for the American friends of *Foreign Affairs* to do something in a financial way to show their appreciation of this organ of the best public opinion of England today?

No one—it seems—who has read the last issue (in particular), knows the spirit of the publication and has the money to give, ought to refuse to help in such a good cause. The editor's article, Anarchy at Geneva, in the April issue itself, might well decide the matter.

Along with the enormous mass of misrepresentative press matter that comes to our shores, by a variety of routes, comes this trustworthy, courageous, internationally minded monthly. I am sure there are those in this country who would contribute to an American gift to *Foreign Affairs*.

New York, April 25 BLANCHE WATSON

A View of "Israel"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read with intense interest Dr. H. M. Kallen's review of Ludwig Lewisohn's "Israel" in your current issue. It is as masterful a piece of review work as the book itself.

The flaws Dr. Kallen has found in the book are quite a few. He is quite right that the undertone of the entire work is considerably narcissistic. Also from a purely psychological standpoint the book is more or less illusory, as Dr. Kallen points out.

Yet, from the standpoint of one who is intimately acquainted with his fellow-Jews of all varieties in every phase of their existence here and abroad, the book contains a great deal of valuable material.

Leaving out what may be termed the chauvinism of "Israel," the book should serve as a guide to both Jews and non-Jews toward the elimination of the "Jewish question" precedent to anti-Semitism with consequent pogroms and oppressions depending on locale.

This book "Israel," in itself, will not accomplish much toward that goal. But applying the rule of habit as enunciated by William James, repeated acts will do it. From an ordinary Jewish-layman standpoint this book should inspire writers, both Jews and non-Jews, to proceed and write enlighteningly upon the subject.

Cleveland, April 10 L. N. SPERLING

Religious Bigotry in Kansas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following excerpt from a personal letter received from a friend now traveling in Kansas constitutes an interesting exhibit of the extent to which religious bigotry is being carried on and is suggestive of its steady and stealthy encroachment in every department of our social and political life:

> Emporia is now so good that raids are to be made in private homes on Sundays to see if they are playing cards.
>
> In Osawatomie people are so good that many of them display a large card in their windows
>
> WE GO TO CHURCH

Cleveland, Ohio BETTY BRADSHAW

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International Relations Section

Averescu: Rumania's Mussolini

By JAMES FUCHS

THE "Rumanian Mussolini" is not a label fastened upon General Averescu by unsympathetic publicity, foreign or domestic. It is, on the contrary, an epithet which the new Premier of Rumania bestowed upon himself, through the medium of the governmental press of Bucharest, on the very day of taking office. The meaning of this designation was made plainer the next day by manifesto of the Premier, announcing "closer fraternal relations with Italy" as part of his ministerial program. These closer relations will assuredly be realized, but they are only part of an impending Rumanian reorientation in the field of foreign politics. The present Premier was avowedly called to office by the Crown as a provisional moderator of national affairs, pending parliamentary elections to be held the last week of May. It is understood that his predecessor in office, Jon Bratianu, had to go because his party, the Liberals, lost the municipal elections in February. The elections, to be sure, went against the Liberals, but they were lost only *technically*, in the unimportant particular of a heavy anti-Liberal majority of votes cast at the polls. The true cause of Bratianu's dismissal had no direct connection with the national insurgency against him at the polls. He had to be dismissed because there is urgent necessity of stabilizing a rapidly depreciating Rumanian valuta through Anglo-American loans; and foreign high finance has lost confidence in Bratianu's capacity to carry on a regime of reckless plunder under quasi-constitutional forms. Also, it has little confidence in the permanency of the kingdom within its present bounds under any but a dictatorial rule, for weighty reasons presently to be mentioned.

To pave the way for substantial Anglo-American loans, two preliminary concessions had to be made to foreign high finance: in the first place, Bratianu had to vacate office, because fraud and force, as wielded by him at the February elections, had shown themselves ineffective tools in his hands; in the second place, one of those "strong men" beloved by the great international banking interests had to be put into his place, whose well-attested ruthlessness in suppressing socially subversive movements would be a sufficient guaranty to foreign capital for the consolidation of a stiffly centralistic, financially responsible Rumanian statecraft. On the strength of his record as a queller of peasant insurrections and as political grand inquisitor into real or alleged communistic heresies General Averescu took office as provisional Premier. He was not in any sense but a Pickwickian one a political "opponent" of Bratianu. Averescu's chief mission, as officially announced upon taking office, was to prepare the impending elections, and Bratianu, just before vacating office, helped him "prepare" them by forcing upon the nation a new election law after the Italian pattern, which practically insures the victory of a governmental majority at the polls. As technical opponent of Bratianu, the General stood at the head of a parliamentary faction of five Deputies when his sovereign extended to him a call to form a Cabinet, the reason for his preferment —apart from his personal qualifications—being the numerical insignificance of his party as compared with other opposition parties in Parliament, and its undoubted venality behind the parliamentary scene. As leader of a serious parliamentary opposition, numerously represented in the National Assembly, he would have been impracticable as a Premier; as chief of a fake opposition, delegated by the bought or bullied peasantry of five rotten boroughs, he was qualified to take charge.

For an understanding of these and other comic-opera complications leading up to the debut of a Rumanian Mussolini as a probability of a near future, a brief survey of Rumanian political and cultural realities is necessary. The new Rumania of the post-bellum period consists of three parts:

1. The Old Kingdom, in area less than one-half of present-day Rumania.

2. A vast agglomeration of former Austro-Hungarian provinces, nearly equal in extent to the Old Kingdom, annexed to it, after the armistice, by military occupation subsequently sanctioned by the assent of the Great Powers.

3. Bessarabia, wrested from Russia by force of arms and not as yet a part of Rumania *juris publici*, owing to the refusal of the Soviet Union to enter into treaties with governments acknowledging the status of Bessarabia as a Rumanian province *de jure*. The "closer fraternal relations" with Fascist Italy, announced by General Averescu, mean, among other things, an impending Italian sanction of Rumania's Bessarabian conquest and, by implication, an Italo-Rumanian embroilment with the Soviets.

In official terms, this extension of Rumanian sovereignty over vast stretches of former Austrian, Hungarian, and Russian territory is represented as the gathering in of the entire Rumanian race under one flag and allegiance—a correct statement, but only a part of the truth. The gathering in of the entire race—including a substantial Rumanian minority in Bessarabia that did not wish to be gathered in—involved at the same time the annexation of two million Hungarians, 500,000 Germans, 175,000 Bulgarians, 75,000 Russians—altogether about three million souls of non-Rumanian stock, as against the like number of "redeemed" Rumanians. Furthermore it meant the unification of the Rumanian race under a German dynasty propped up by French loans, a territory held together by foreign guaranties and by an intolerable military servitude of the "redeemed" Rumanian peasantry. In a political and economic sense, racial redemption meant the economic ruin of the redeemed through the frauds and extortions of the redeemers, and a startling change in Rumanian politics, brought about by the enfranchisement of the new provinces.

In the Old Kingdom, homogeneous in population and almost wholly agricultural in character, politics were of a comparatively simple bi-partisan description. The Conservatives were the party of the great landed houses, with their following of lesser noble landlords, Greek Catholic prelates, tory soldiers, and blooded bureaucrats. The transportation of lumber, fuel, and farm produce and the management of credit were in the hands of a coterie of bankers and railroad kings heading a Liberal Party. As usual in such a setting, the strife between modern capitalism and a semi-feudal landlordism formed the content of the sharp early clashes of the two parties, with the usual evolutionary outcome: modernized landlordism entered into an economic league with high finance and became a part of it.

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A few tory traditions of the boyars and their entourage survived this economic merger of privilege, but in the main the struggle between the two parties ceased years before Rumania's entrance into the World War to be more than a wrangle of the ins and outs over the possession of office. Eighty-five per cent of the peasantry within the Old Kingdom were—and are to this day—illiterate. Being easily cozened, these peasants could never exercise an effective control over a handful of opposition Deputies whom they managed, in spite of a preposterous electoral system, to delegate to the National Assembly. Small peasant factions in Parliament were a safety-valve of the old system and rather encouraged by the Conservative-Liberal administrations. They stormed and blustered about the manifold extortions heaped upon the peasantry by conservative landlords and liberal bankers alike, they denounced the governmental oppressions of local and metropolitan administrators; which kept the peasants in high good humor, but on the whole did no harm to a government of privilege. At ordinary divisions they were hopelessly outvoted; at closely contested ones they were easily bought over, with cash or ministerial flattery.

The conquests of the war and the conditions of the peace treaty put an end to the Arcadian simplicity of Rumanian parliamentary politics. As a condition of protection in Rumania's new possessions, the victorious Allies insisted upon a democratic election franchise. Universal suffrage had to be granted as a concession to European public opinion, and could only in part be nullified in its effects by the efforts of local gendarmes and a newly organized political police. The new provinces sent Deputies to Parliament representing a multiplicity of racial minorities, but these minorities were easily unified into substantial opposition blocs by their common hatred of their Old-Rumanian oppressors, whose spoilsmen swarmed all over the new provinces, taxing, harassing, imprisoning, and ruining many thousands in the assertion of Rumanian racial supremacy over the alien minorities. It so happens that only about 40 per cent of the redeemed Rumanian peasants of Transylvania and the Bukowina are illiterate, as against 85 per cent of their redeemers. Apart from their educational superiority, the redeemed had been politically enfranchised, in their erstwhile capacities as Austrian or Hungarian citizens, many years before the redeemers. The former consequently possessed a stock of political experience wholly wanting in the latter. Under a regime of universal suffrage the Rumanian peasants of the new provinces gravitated politically toward an interracial opposition bloc, in two directions: They struck hands with the peasant war veterans of the Old Kingdom and with the victims of forcible Rumanization in their own provinces. The landless war veterans had been promised land—partly grants of crown lands and partly soil expropriated from the great landlords of non-Rumanian stock, on terms of fair compensation. Nearly three million acres were actually divided among the landless—at a price fantastically in excess of a fair fee simple. They had to agree to pay, within fifty years, forty times the lease rent paid for their allotments in 1906! The much-vaunted distribution of land turned out to be a new form of Rumanian peasant enslavement, superadded to the old ones. The victims of this heartless swindle joined hands with their class-mates in the new provinces. The latter, furthermore, allied themselves—for the first time in Rumanian history—with the Jews oppressed by educational restrictions; with the shopkeepers of the towns heavily taxed for permission to trade, keep books, and announce their firm-names in languages other than the Rumanian; with thousands of qualified teachers in the new provinces, driven out of their jobs by poorly qualified Rumanian substitutes, installed by governmental decree; and finally, with Social Democrats of peasant stock or affiliation. Thus reenforced by alliances with most of the seriously disaffected elements of town and country, the new Greater-Rumanian Peasant Party (Partidul Taranesc) entered Parliament. After the political debut of the new "third party," five years ago, it became clear to the Rumanian governmental powers that their Rule of Plunder could be maintained only by adopting anti-constitutional and liberticide measures. They were first resorted to without express disavowal of a constitutional form of government. Having failed, at the elections, as an expedient of a sham-constitutional regime, such measures will now be resorted to by a coming dictatorship.

As Man of the Hour and Savior of Society, there enters now upon the scene—for the second time since 1920—General Averescu. His chieftaincy of a sham peasant party, old style, makes him all the fitter for combating the perils of a real peasant party, new style, for he will always have enough peasants behind him for popular demonstrations against the new Rumanian Farmer-Labor Party. He has suppressed, with fire and sword, four peasant-insurrections since 1919, affecting, at the same time, the airs of a blunt, outspoken friend of the peasantry. He earned his popularity in a few benighted agricultural districts, first as a promoter of the land distribution desired by the agricultural laborers returned from the war front, and then as a declaimer against its unpopular terms.

However, Averescu's premiership is in the main founded upon his reputation for ruthlessness. His dictatorship, if he achieves it, will be merely the extension of a military dictatorship that has existed in Bessarabia for the last six years, over the whole kingdom. On that unhappy province, suspect because of its proximity to the territory of the Soviet Union and because it is claimed by the Union, the general had a strangle-hold through two instrumentalities: Siguranza and Granicieri. The Granicieri, or border guard, are a Rumanian gendarmerie notorious for lawless methods throughout Eastern Europe. In Rumanian village life along a far-flung frontier, they play the role of ill-paid janissaries permitted by their superiors to supplement their wages by extortion and sometimes by open banditry. During the four peasant insurrections between 1919 and 1924 they have sacked and burned down entire districts, put thousands to the sword, and behaved in general like Tartar hordes on conquered soil, giving General Averescu his first prestige as the kind of ruler that knows how to deal with rebellious subjects. His other arm, the Siguranza or political police, was founded after the peasant revolt of 1907, in imitation of the Russian Ochrana. Like its Russian prototype, the Siguranza, with central headquarters in Bucharest and branch offices in all important centers of the kingdom, consists of a regular staff of officials employing, as casual agents paid by the job, about 125,000 persons, chiefly janitors, cabmen, barbers, hotel porters, waiters, and other poorly paid people stationed at strategic points for eavesdropping.

In Bessarabia these creatures of the Rumanian Mussolini functioned mainly as agents provocateurs, to throw

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the Red Specter upon the national screen by means of planting Communist manifestos with peasants incapable of reading them, and then denouncing them wholesale to the military authorities. In the prison cells of the Siguranza, between the autumn of 1924 and the spring of 1926, thousands of workers and peasants not affiliated with Communist groups or organizations were horsewhipped; terribly beaten with fists, clubs, bars; seared with hot irons; tortured in unnamable ways, until they signed confessions of conspiracy and incriminations of others, which many of the signers, not knowing Rumanian, could not read! When some of the prisoners went on a hunger-strike and after six days of fasting declared the strike off, their jailers refused them food and literally starved them to death! In Kishinef the Siguranza tried to extort confession of a girl accused of Communist propaganda, by hanging her to a hook in the ceiling of a guardroom by her hair. The weight of her body tore off hair and scalp, and the girl died. The Czernowitz *Vorwärts* told the story, which remains uncontradicted to this day. At the trials of alleged peasant-communists at Tatar Bunar and Kishinef sworn evidence piled up, showing that not only scores of the accused but hundreds of witnesses for the prosecution had been terribly beaten by Averescu's political police until they agreed to testify against the defendants whatever they were bidden to say. The very physicians of the Siguranza could not but testify to hundreds of terrible beatings, administered day by day, and one of the accused, almost with his dying breath, swore in open court to having been tortured on thirty successive days, twice a day. It was a Fascist coterie of the Bucharest Siguranza, inspired by General Averescu, that insulted and threatened Henri Barbusse, who came upon express invitation of the Rumanian Government to look into the astounding records of the trial at Tatar Bunar. Another Fascist coterie around the General, consisting of students in government pay, is responsible for the mobbing of German actors and the closing of German theaters in the new provinces.

On the whole, it will be admitted, after examining the record of the Rumanian Mussolini and the mettle of his henchmen, that he bids fair to excel his great exemplar, and that Rumania may in the future expect stirring times.

Contributors to This Issue

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A History of the Future

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST

By

OSWALD SPENGLER

Translated with Notes by
CHARLES FRANCIS ATKINSON

HARRY ELMER BARNES writes: "Whatever one's opinions concerning the doctrines expounded by Spengler, his *Decline of the West* must challenge the attention of all alert historians and philosophers. It is easily the most pretentious contribution to the philosophy of history since the archaic efforts of Hegel and Comte. It is the first attempt of any proportions to execute a philosophy of history based upon the scientific and cultural advances since the Industrial Revolution and the triumphs of modern science. It represents a departure from the current and popular assumptions of inevitable and assured progress, and revives in a much more erudite and sophisticated fashion the cyclical theory of history so popular in classical times.

"It thus represents a challenge to the optimism which has pervaded contemporary social science and historical writing. It is most certainly a work which must be reckoned as one of the outstanding intellectual achievements of the present century."

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Foreign Book Section

Italian Literature Today

By ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

ITALIAN literature has been dogged by the curious fatality that its influence should be much greater than the recognition accorded it. The instructive contrast is the case of France, a country which in every age has been able to sell its intellectual produce at prices higher than par. It has often been said that the French know how to write, while others don't. But the explanation is a tautology. The fact is that sympathies are matters of sentiment and not of rationality, and the safety and sanity of French "common sense" is more nearly the common denominator of Western civilization than the much more original and fundamental thinking that sometimes appears, for instance, in Italy. One might cite, from Italy's past, the case of Machiavelli or of Giordano Bruno—both men who in one connection or another shock every decent feeling which the commonplace individual, unable to attain any high degree of philosophic detachment, is likely to harbor. So these men are berated and condemned though no one after their time is able quite to escape them. Whole epochs of Italian culture, whole areas of Italian thought, have had to wait for the serene historical criticism of later ages to attain just appreciation in other countries. Critics read and praised the "Défense" of Du Bellay for 350 years before it was found to be a rather vulgar plagiarism of an Italian source.

This is to a large extent the case with the three outstanding movements in contemporary Italian writing—the "new idealism" of Croce, the "new Machiavellianism" of Pareto, and the "grotesque" theater of Pirandello.

As for the last and least of these, Pirandello, I doubt whether there be a living author of his eminence and originality who is, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, more generally pitied and patronized. One may predict that by the time Mr. Dodd and Mr. Eugene O'Neill have found a long line of successors here and elsewhere, by the time, that is, the Pirandellian influence has been consolidated abroad, Pirandello himself will be pretty thoroughly discredited. And the trouble is not that he doesn't know how to write but that he is thoroughly and incorrigibly a Sicilian.

Croce too is thoroughly Italian, even south Italian, and his system is a brilliant specimen of Italian ways of thinking. Only in Italy would a philosophy which stresses the distinction and delimitation of the spiritual spheres above all else be impressive as a revealing analysis of reality. At bottom, probably, it was more against the Italian temperament of Croce than against Crocean thought that Mr. Irving Babbitt, one of the earliest of Croce's American critics, rebelled, denouncing as a degenerate romantic the man whom an Italian critic, Mr. Momigliano, has recently styled "the only great classic that modern Italy has produced." (Mr. Babbitt, at any rate, wrote the "New Laokoon" after reading Croce's "Aesthetics" but before reading the "Ethics.") In addition to his Italian mind, Croce has a quality from which he not infrequently suffers. There is something tremendously vital and inspiring about his thought. No one ever read the "Philosophy of the Spirit" without at once gaining the feeling that he was something of an aesthetician and philosopher himself. It was this exultance that expressed itself in Mr. Spingarn's "New Criticism," a free summary of some chapters of the "Aesthetics" dedicated to Croce but presented only incidentally as "of" Croce. The result was that Croce's doctrines were first discussed in America as a peculiarity of Mr. Spingarn, the debate going astray little by little on theses that Croce never really held. With the close of the war, however, American response to Croce took a fresh and authentic start, working downward apparently from the universities and gradually permeating the literary reviews. Of America it may be said, as it has long been said of Europe, that "all intelligent critics are Croceans." And I would cite in proof two of our most brilliant newer arrivals in criticism, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and Mr. Krutch, who have gained their distinction by applying the principle of the "integral personality" which Croce was the first to validate in the critical theory of our time. Nevertheless, despite the infiltration of Crocean thought among us, his ideas rarely appear here under his name, and slurs and condescensions are still more common than appreciations and enlightened interpretations.

The case of Pareto is more gloomy still. If it is Croce's destiny to inspire and be denied, it is Pareto's to be plundered and ignored. I pick up, for example, the "Phantom Public" of Mr. Walter Lippmann and find him quoting Burke, Bryce, Michelet, Jefferson, Hamilton, Aristotle, and scores of writers who could be quite comfortably ignored in a progressive history of political thought, while every sound idea Mr. Lippmann has derives more or less directly from Pareto, who is not quoted at all. If I turn to the *Commonweal* I find Mr. Carleton Hayes exploiting Pareto's idea that "nationalism is a religion" without acknowledging or accepting the Paretan system which makes that truth a truth. In Professor Robinson's "Mind in the Making" Pareto is indeed admitted into a group of men who are or have been fighting for the scientific point of view in politics and sociology; but there is no advertisement of the fact that "The Mind in the Making" is just a popularization of one of Pareto's fundamental discoveries. Meanwhile, in France, M. Francis Delaisi is warming over Pareto's theory of the "political myth" in a book which reviewers are praising as something new and revolutionary. Clearly we are very far from establishing in the vaguer fields of literature and thought that same fastidiousness as to priorities which is so attractive in science.

In Italy itself, Pareto, who died in 1923, has returned to a vogue such as he enjoyed twenty years ago in the heyday of the "new nationalism"—this because his criticism of democracy furnishes in startlingly prophetic terms a ready-made theory for Fascism. The problems of the new regime have likewise occasioned a general and impressive revival of the works of Alfredo Oriani—particularly the "Political Struggle in Italy" and the "Ideal Revolt." Oriani's system has very direct dependence on a political thinker of the Risorgimento, Giuseppe Ferrari, whose "Philosophy of Revolution" has therefore been brought into renewed prominence at this moment. Croce himself is working at remoter amplifications of his system, particularly attempting to delimit the field of politics (inside the sphere of the practical, but outside the sphere of ethics). However, for seven years past, in the work

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of Gentile and Lombardo-Radice, Italian new-idealism has diverted to pedagogy and education the energies which in the two preceding decades it unfolded in literature and aesthetics. Pirandello followed the "Six Characters" with "Henry IV," "Naked," and "Each in His Own Way." Barring his brilliant one-act pageant called "Our Lord of the Ship," he has since completed nothing new for the theater.

Since, of all contemporary Italians, Papini is the only one to count a noteworthy financial success abroad, it may seem strange to deny him a place among influential Italian exportations. But I doubt whether Papini himself is satisfied with the clientele which has brought him wealth and fame. In strictly Italian terms he must count as a survival from the pre-war period when he was a real force in giving a new movement and a new direction to Italian intellectual life. He has postponed publication of his "Life of the Virgin" and of his "Report on Mankind" in order to stage some "Plays for Children," which are reported to be charming, and to issue a volume of verse called "Bread and Wine," therein refreshing a gush of beauty that seemed to have dried up in his now famous "Hundred Pages."

If the balance in Italian letters leans heavily to the side of thought as opposed to belles-lettres proper, it is tipped rather by weight of significance and power than by normal considerations of quantity or excellence. In Italy, it should be remembered, art is a dominant social religion. The cult and practice of the intellectual life are intensely and widely prevalent in the middle and upper classes, and not only nationally but regionally. Reorganization of the book trade and of theater management has, however, had the effect of spurring authors to issue from local molds and seek the wider national public. In this field old celebrities add to their lists each year and newcomers press forward for recognition, only incidentally to be known to foreign readers. Sem Benelli has done another play ("L'Amorosa Visione") based on ancient factional strife in Florence, but with not inobvious political connotations; Annie Vivanti has published another volume of sophisticated "stunt" stories—among them one gem of humor: "Do Forgive Eglantine!" Borgese is being considered for the Academy as a result of pyramiding "creative" literature on his eminence as a scholar. Alfredo Panzini seems firmly ensconced on a national reputation, though he continues to knock vainly on the doors of the foreign market. Luciano Zuccoli, the best plot-maker in Italy, attained notable sales for his "Vita Elegante," an ethical treatise on the ideals of Mayfair. Of the new movement in poetry, preached by Enrico Thovez in 1898 and initiated by Gozzano, Corazzini, and the *Voce* in the 1910's, only Govone, Gori, and Folgore seem continuously productive, the last with a certain popular vogue. With each successive posthumous publication, *estime* continues to gather about the name of Federico Tozzi. In fear of regional reprisals, Rome timidly points to Baldini and Bontempelli in hope that the nation at large will recognize these local youngsters. When Ugo Ojetti rises, all Italy continues to listen with respect. Brocchi and Gotta are well established in the field of entertaining reading. Two other novelists, Marino Moretti and Mario Puccini, keep coming forward, with greater pretensions to depth. Adriano Tilgher has forced his way into the higher circle of journalistic critics long formed by D'Amico, Praga, Simone, and others. The death of Piero Gobetti opens a wide gap in the group at Turin. And so we might go on.

New Books in France

By RENÉ LALOU

Paris, April 1, 1926

A PUBLISHING season may be said to have been good when it leaves on the critic's shelves ten or twelve books he proposes to read again as soon as the flood subsides. Such has been the case this winter. "Mes Poisons" took us into Sainte-Beuve's private laboratory and revealed the most secret workings of the mind of the greatest French critic. Pierre Borel has edited in four volumes the complete diary of Marie Bashkirtseff; while Alberic Cahuet gave in "Moussia" a novelized version of her romantic career. Madame Rivière has published "A la trace de Dieu," a treatise written by Jacques Rivière during his captivity in Germany, and also the letters that passed between him and Paul Claudel. Both books are extremely interesting. As Henri Franck's letters to several friends, recently produced with an introduction by André Spire, show us how the Jewish problem appeared to a young enthusiastic mind just before the war, so Rivière stands as a witness to the progress of Catholicism during that period. Let it be noticed, however, that it was the time of a spiritual crisis very accurately described by the brothers Tharaud in their new book on "Notre cher Péguy"; its social consequences have been studied by Jean-Richard Bloch in ". . . et Cie." Yet Rivière's attitude in his letters does not seem to have been his final one, since he has insisted that he wished to be judged by his two novels, "Aimée" and "Florence."

A volume of selected works, a collection of pious poems called "Feuilles de Saints," and the first "day" of "Le Soulier de Satin" have brought about a revival of the old Claudelian fervor. The theatrical work of Jules Romains now stands complete in three volumes. "Albertine disparue" has shown Proust in dishabille, death having prevented him from enlarging upon that powerful first draft. With a new edition of "Amyntas" (a travel notebook subtly enriched with all the perfumes of Algeria) André Gide has brought forth his "Faux-Monnayeurs"; it is both a fresco of contemporary society and a Dostoevskian study of the Freudian complexities of youth. In works of imagination this season has been prolific. I shall mention only "La pierre d'Horeb," that moving confession of an ordinary man delicately penned by Georges Duhamel; "Paulina, 1880," a fine analysis by P. J. Jouve of sensuous mysticism; and "En joue!", Soupault's thrilling portrait of the up-to-date romanticist. A striking fact is the interest in political problems, testified in the three galleries of portraits painted by Jean Piot in "Comme je les vois," Jacques Sindral in a novel ominously named "Mars," and Jean Giraudoux in "Bella," a masterpiece of irony and tenderness.

After that short retrospect let us turn to the new announcements. Novels seem less abundant than might have been hoped or feared. The Nouvelle Révue Française will be responsible for "le Dernier Européen," by J. R. Bloch, Aragon's "Paysan de Paris," and two novels by Henri Pourrat, the painter of Auvergne, and André Maurois, the author of "Ariel." From Rieder we are to get "Trois hommes et un minaret," a humorous picture of North African life by Gabriel Audisio, and "Chalet I," in which André Baillon has related his experience under the shadow of the psychoanalysts. Plon opens a new collection, "l'Aubier,"

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to young novelists of talent. Something may be expected to come from that quarter as well as from the "Bureau d'études cinématographiques" which Bernard Grasset has intended as a link between literature and the seventh art.

Many publishers seem to think more of collections than of books. As their "Maîtres du Livre" draw to a close, the house of Crès is going to build a "Musée du Livre" with a section dedicated to the Belgian masters. At Les Arts et le Livre Georges Crès will supply serious people with intellectual food under the motto "L'Intelligence"; his other enterprise, "La Joie de nos enfants," will perhaps show that France is not after all so totally deficient in books for the young as has often been said. The Editions du Siècle have resumed the publication of the Cahiers de la Quinzaine under the management of Marcel Péguy, the son of the writer whose several unpublished essays are going to appear under that new form. The same editors are beginning a collection of philosophical works by "the masters of anti-Christian thought." On the other hand Rieder will add to his already mentioned "Judaïsme" and "Christianisme" a new series under the title "l'Esprit"; the contributors to "Philosophies" will be henceforth found there, the first two numbers being dedicated to Christ and Bergson.

Few revelations are to be expected. Plon, however, promises us a posthumous book by Maurice Barrès, "Le Mystère en pleine lumière," and there will appear at les Arts et le Livre a new volume of poems by the late Victor Segalen. If the N. R. F. publishes the collected poems of Valéry, many readers will rejoice as they already rejoiced over the announcement that the Editions du Trianon were to give France a complete Shakespeare in forty volumes. Another monument, a scientific one, will be raised by the Presses Universitaires under the form of a general history of mankind; the name of the editor, Professor Glotz, the author of "The Ægean Civilization," is the best warrant for that work.

Encouraged by the success of the eloquent "Demosthenes" of Clemenceau and the gesticulating "Balzac" of Benjamin, Plon will go on with his series of famous lives; the next items will be a Rivarol by the well-known journalist Louis Latzarus and a Villon by Francis Carco; Stanislas Fumet will depict an orthodox Baudelaire and Mrs. Longworth-Chambrun will do Shakespeare the actor, while Abel Chevalley will provide the N. R. F. with a complete Thomas Deloney. Lives freely interpreted were the "Liszt" of Pourtalès (N. R. F.) and the "Montaigne" of Elie Faure (Crès); to the last-named firm we shall soon be indebted for a Cervantes by Han Ryner, the anarchist philosopher, and a collection of essays by Robert de Traz, the editor of *La Revue de Genève*.

In addition to his many translations Stock will concentrate on Apollinaire, Bloy, and Cocteau. The firm of Kra shows more and more its European character with translations from Ramon, Unamuno, Sternheim, Pirandello, and Conrad as well as with a collection of synopses of foreign contemporary literatures. Its Cahiers Nouveaux will include representative works by Giraudoux, Edmond Jaloux, René Jouglet, and several *surréalistes*. And the same firm is proving its eclecticism by announcing "A Vision of Our Times," by J. E. Blanche the painter; "A Citizen Against the State," by Alain the philosopher; and "A Defense of Man" (essays on criticism, the psychological novel, and the much-discussed *poésie pure*), by the author of these notes.

Realism in Scandinavia

By JULIUS MORITZEN

As the annual springtide of Scandinavian books is let loose the bystander, watchful for any new tendency, becomes conscious of an ever-increasing realism among Northern authors. Not only fiction evidences this trend. Historians, both Danish and Norwegian, are bent on relieving the past of whatever romantic glamor may formerly have been considered requisite. As for the religious domain, Georg Brandes goes so far as virtually to deny the existence of Jesus, whom he designates a legendary character pure and simple; and in his latest book, "Petrus," the famous Danish writer lays about him vigorously with the same argument—which in this case seems hardly waterproof.

While there is nothing remarkable to report concerning such long-established authors as Knut Hamsun, Johan Bojer, Martin Anderson Nexö, Johannes V. Jensen, and Selma Lagerlöf, certain newer names demand attention. J. Anker Larsen, whose book "The Philosopher's Stone" may be familiar to American readers through translation, has to his recent credit "Martha and Maria"; here his religious tendency is again conspicuous. Sigrid Undset likewise is beginning to be known on this side of the Atlantic, and while this sterling Norwegian author still goes to bygone centuries for her plots, it is realism with a vengeance that characterizes her "Olav Audunsson i Hestviken." Helge Rode, a poet of distinction, in "The Place with the Green Trees" treats a subject that brings the Salvation Army, open-air meetings, and religious idealism into the foreground. In somewhat similar strain is Ludvig Holstein's "The Green Field." As elsewhere in Europe, the war left as a heritage to Danish literature a profound conviction that beyond the things of every day are other phases of existence worthy of being utilized. And with all this we still have realism. Professor Harald Höffding, the noted Danish philosopher, declares of Holstein's book that it comes like "a refreshing breath from nature and human existence," and that "all religion to him at last emanates from human souls and their experiences. This is the green field where grow all plants of the spiritual life; the religious, as well as all other."

Alexander Svedstrup, Gunnar Gunnarsson, Sophus Clausen, Jörgen Bukdahl, Valdemar Rördam, Axel Juel, Palle Rosenkrantz—the list of writers prominent in contemporary Danish literature might be extended indefinitely. Both in prose and in poetry production continues uninterruptedly. It is worth stopping for a moment, however, to consider Sven Lange's "The First Battles." This decidedly is a book built upon living types; Georg Brandes and his brother Edvard furnish the author an opportunity to introduce an entire gallery of figures conspicuous in the literary and political life of Denmark during a quarter-century. It is with mixed emotions that one familiar with this background sees the spotlight turned on Brandes during his early struggles for recognition. And no less interesting is Lange's picture of Edvard Brandes as the latter rose to the position of minister of finance in the radical government that he assisted in building until it was succeeded by the present Social-Democratic regime. Sven Lange, by the way, is known to American theater audiences through his "Samson and Delilah."

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Even a cursory recital of Danish literary activity within the recent year must include mention of the renewed interest in Hans Christian Andersen, the fiftieth anniversary of whose death in August of last year finally released his writings to all publishers. His romantic career has been retold in a number of new biographies, foremost among which are those by Professor Karl Larsen, St. J. Holbech, and Elith Reumert. These are valuable additions to the already extensive literature concerning the famous story-teller, and they reveal an interest in him that continues to be world wide. And who is there to deny that in his own way Andersen was a realist, albeit in a domain unexplored by others less far-visioned than he and conventionally dismissed as romantic?

The rugged character of their land stands reflected in much that Norwegian writers are producing at present. Take, for instance, Hulda Garborg's "The Graybeard." Following his trilogy about the Huldra forest, the author returns to the former source of his inspiration, the great heaths. In "Hansigne Solstad" Peter Egge once more shows his mastery in feminine portraiture; he gives us now a simple woman whose rise from comparative poverty to wealth, followed by her decline, leaves her unspotted before the world. In "Light and Shadow" Johan Fr. Vinsnes displays his power of satirizing society through the action of a few characters. Vinsnes is a psychologist to the manner born. A Norwegian writer who is rapidly impressing himself upon the reading public is Elias Kraemmer. In "The Waves Roll On" and "The Path to the Lighthouse" we see the Norwegian panorama unrolled in all its variegated beauty. Kraemmer delights in bringing out the good in humankind, the less acceptable qualities being always subsidiary to his main theme. Andreas Haukland continues in "The Viking Exploits" what he began with "Helge the Young." It is a picture of the ancient sea; here we have heroes clothed in shining mail, arrows flying like lightning, and dramatic encounters between the foemen. Although Hans Kinck is far from being a newcomer, yet it would not do to pass him by. Of late he has put his talents at the service of the theater. His play "On the Rindal Heights" is in keeping with his work as a novelist, although there is a mysticism here which those acquainted with the author's former books had hardly expected he would bring to the stage. It remains to be seen how the piece will go in the theater.

In Sweden literary interest at present may be said to be divided between prose and poetry. An outstanding figure is Anders Osterling, whose collected poems have won wide attention. Swedish poets, more so than their Danish or Norwegian colleagues, are taking themselves seriously, and we have evidence of this in Frans G. Bengtsson's "Legend of Babylon." It were futile to bring the name of Werner von Heidenstam into the present discussion except for the fact that "The Swedes and their Chieftains" and "The Tree of the Folkungs" have recently been translated into English under the auspices of the American Scandinavian Foundation. The translators, Charles Wharton Stork and Arthur J. Chater, have done their difficult task with remarkable fidelity to the Swedish original. As for Selma Lagerlöf, also one of the standard-bearers of Swedish literature at its best, her latest book, "Charlotte Loevenskjold," bears out the contention that few writers of the North equal her in the art of modernizing history and making of it a living thing.

Books

Fundamentalism

The Decline of the West. By Oswald Spengler. Vol. I. *Form and Actuality.* Authorized Translation with Notes by Charles Francis Atkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

A NEW philosophy pretending in any sense to the philosophy of history must challenge at least a brief comparison with the system of Hegel. Oswald Spengler belongs with Hegel in his conviction that history is the world. But their difference, which is radical, may be summed up in a brief antithesis: Hegel portrayed his history-world as dialectic, while Spengler subsumes dialectic, along with painting, music, architecture, under the concept of history; all are expression-forms in the quite homogeneous cultures in which they arise. His viewpoint is not Hegel's world-as-dialectic, which he rejects as being identical in form with the world-as-nature of science, but the world-as-history, as organism.

Spengler returns to Goethe's philosophy of nature as organism, and with Goethe he ignores the Idealistic distinction between Reality and Appearance. Goethe knew that such a split resulted in a disastrous mechanism of appearance versus a chimerical ultimate reality. He fixed his attention to organism; he insisted that mechanism is a fiction of much the same value as "Tom Jones," that it was not a philosophical issue at all; it was the time-spirit, as Professor Whitehead has indicated, of seventeenth-century science. Spengler accordingly repudiates the eighteenth-century tradition of "scientific history." For historians have solemnly borrowed from natural science the concept of causality. We think of history as a linear past, Ancient, Medieval, Modern, progressing in a mechanical succession to the present age and projecting itself in the future toward "some far-off divine event." The divine paralogism, in the Hegelian system, achieved one of its apexes in the power of the Prussian state. Spengler directs his criticism against just this paralogism of history. He attacks the superimposition of formal logic, of mathematical number, of ideal possibility, on the organism of life. His philosophy, therefore, is the Morphology of History, a method for the identification of uniquely occurring events within chronologically parallel forms. It is Physiognomic (organic) as opposed to Systematic (mathematical).

Systematic, for Spengler, stands for the method of natural science and approaches mathematical law as an ideal. Now the opposition between organism and mathematical law (the central problem of neo-realism) is the opposition between the uniquely occurring event, momently vanishing, and the constant possibility of recurrence which comes of abstracting the merely typical aspects of events into an ideal order. In organism there is growth and decay—process is impossible and action is irreversible; in mathematical mechanism there is process only and action may be reversed. This latter principle, applied to society conceived as a physical laboratory, explains the confusion of the last century. History became whatever optimists or pessimists desired, for constant possibility of reversible action permitted the stage to be set by "law" and a devised action, called "rational purpose," satisfied the personal emotion of the historian. But the character of organism is that it unfolds according to its inherent properties, which are not *laws* but *forms*. History should be the chronological study of these forms appearing in cultures as expression-media; it is not possible to control or alter them, but it is the business of history to predict their formal course.

Physiognomic and Systematic, organic and mechanical, are further distinguished as the Becoming and the Become—as Time and Space: Time is the form of the organic, Space the

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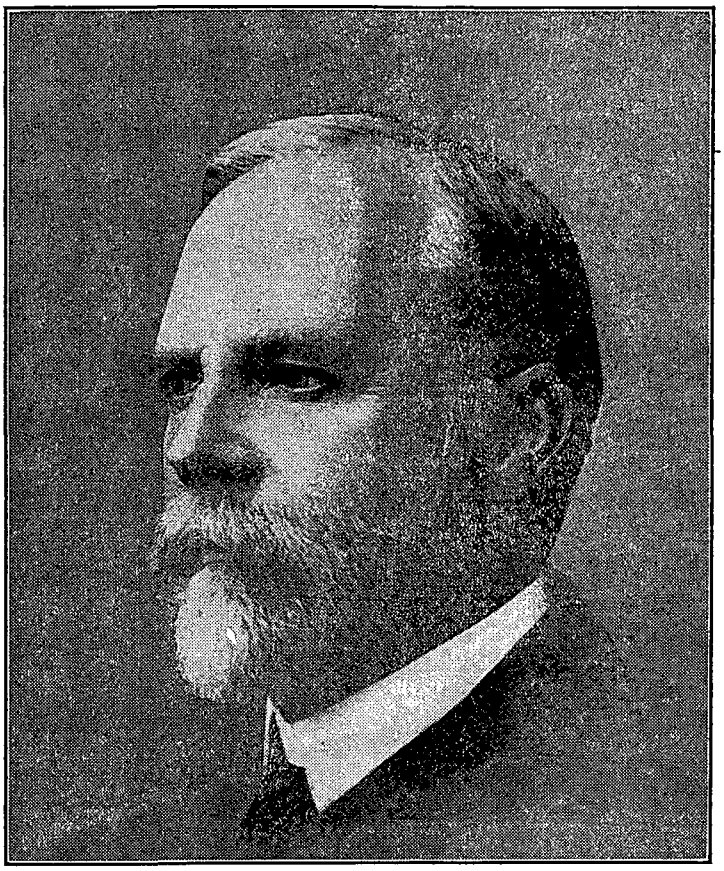

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form of the mechanical-mathematical. Spengler points out that the living sense of direction (time) is in science reduced to another mathematical dimension which includes it in the law of reversible action; this law, strictly spatial, denies time as direction and destiny; it denies organism in the reduction of organism to causality. Again, Space is Time not felt but perceived—Time actualized. And Spengler revises Kant: Time is the form of perceiving, Space the form of the perceived. Now every culture (men in life-unity) must perceive; every culture, then, must have its idea of Time and its own way of actualizing the idea. Therefore the way in which a culture actualizes its idea of Time is the way in which it envisages Space; the conception of Space is thus the index to the spirituality of a particular culture, the key to its "prime symbol." The postulate of prime symbol (pure Platonism) is the basic assumption of Spengler's philosophy; its corollary, the consistent homogeneity of a culture, is more obviously questionable. But he makes no pretension to empirical foundations; the conception is deductive and visionary. Its weakness is that of the Germans and Procrustes: Spinoza is thrown out of Western culture a priori because he lacks the idea of force and continues the "Magian" (Arabian-Semitic) notion of two soul substances.

Spengler identifies nine distinct cultures and as many prime symbols. He develops his philosophy through a parallel analysis of the Classical and the Faustian (Western) world-attitudes, for these are presumably homogeneous and antithetical. The prime symbol of the Classical is the Extended, Time actualized as corporeality, as multiplicity of sensuous bodies; Time as direction is intolerable and its actualization as infinite Space is consequently denied; hence the notion of space as the Void (Parmenides, Plato). The Extended Body being the inherent form, the prime symbol, of the Classical, all the activity of that culture was a priori predetermined to actualize it. The mathematics of the Greeks was therefore three-dimensional (ontologically neither true nor false), not because the Greeks lacked the wit for more complex operations but because they were conditioned spiritually to the given spatial construction; their religion was polytheistic because they could imagine only a multiplicity of bodies and abhorred the desensualized idea of infinity, of the Unextended. The Unextended, on the other hand, is the prime symbol of Faustian men. It is Time actualized as infinite Space; sensuous extension is intolerable to our spirit, and particular bodies (appearances) are denied; infinite relations, conceivable only in pure Space, are affirmed. Our metaphysics identifies Reality with Space the infinitely immaterial; our religion conceives God as the infinitely immaterial. The Gothic cathedral is symbolic of this infinity; Western contrapuntal music is a system of functional relations, an image of unsensuous Space; Western mathematics is spiritually identical with Western music—relational, unconfined by optical, Euclidean dimension.

Since cultures are organisms they must die. They must disintegrate when their prime symbols are actualized—the doctrine of conceptualism which the scholastics derived from Aristotle's revision of Plato. The period of actualization is Culture proper; the aftermath, in which nothing new may be spontaneously created out of the prime symbol, is Civilization. Classical culture flowered in the millennium before Caesar; after that time, it was spiritually sterile, skeptical, practical, lacking in grand religions, occupied with craft-arts, with eclectic philosophies; it had become Civilization. Spengler examines the Faustian culture and maintains that, on the analogy of parallel forms, we are contemporary with Divus Julius. Our forms are actualized and exhausted. We are Alexandrians; our chief absorption must be a practical, unmetaphysical pursuit of the materials of living, for our sole remaining activity in letters is morphological research into the past. No expression-form is universally valid; the Western mathematics is not "true"—except for Western men as a major form in which they have actualized the prime symbol of Space. This spirit of relativity, of skepsis, has rounded off every great culture. The great forms of pure expression break up; systematic metaphysics abdicates in eclecticism (Santayana, Keyserling); literature orders the past (the neo-classical school of Eliot); architecture confounds the modes, existing for utility.

Spengler examines the scientific problem in this spirit, in the last chapter of the volume. He is a mathematician and a physicist; his critique of physics—culturally "contemporary" with Sextus Empiricus's attack on the ancient mathematicians—destroys it as sheer fiction; in fact, even as an expression-form it is collapsing, for it begins to doubt the law of reversible action and merges with a metaphysic in entertaining the concept of organism. But whatever the future of science may be, it is absolutely certain that with Oswald Spengler metaphysics returns to its medieval position; it becomes the critic of science, the queen of the sciences; it resumes authority. Spengler would evaluate the resumption of philosophical authority historically, as symbolic of profound decadence in the Faustian spirit; for metaphysics as authority annihilates the separate integral expression-forms of the culture. Nevertheless, Spengler is involved in a new Western tendency. Ten years ago Hulme called for the historical method and deprecated the confusion of mechanism with the organic. The present school of neo-realism is fundamentally concerned with an organic philosophy of nature and with the extent to which the law of reversible action is valid. It is, moreover, a rationalist Fundamentalism—in which Bishop Manning would not be conceded authority—and it promises to send the ambitious experimenter back to his test-tubes. Spengler says that this is a sterile if necessary task. But the Alexandrian Age, which could produce a Sextus Empiricus and collect the texts of Homer, was not an age of conspicuous disorder.

ALLEN TATE

Marcel Proust

Marcel Proust, Sa Vie, Son Œuvre. Par Léon Pierre-Quint. Paris: Simon Kra.

M. PIERRE-QUINT has based his study upon the three-fourths of Proust's novel already in print, without waiting for "Le Temps Retrouvé." For he believes it possible at this stage to grasp the harmony of its vast proportions—a cathedral with uncompleted towers. His work includes an animated sketch of Proust's life; an interpretation of his universe, as reflected in his novel; and a technical analysis of his style—to be omitted, remarks the author, by people who "do" Paris in eight days. But not to be omitted by readers who are awaiting the next volume, or who are stalled somewhere in the midst of "Sodome et Gomorrhe." It deals lucidly with that absorption in the intricacies of memory association which grew out of Proust's conviction that we recapture the past, with its emotions, not by any effort of the intelligence but through the accidental stimulus of an odor, a musical phrase, an involuntary movement, a flavor upon the tongue. His aim—to reach by intuition, to express by intelligence, the most fugitive sentiments of our inner life—conditions his style. Its transitions are not logical, but imitative of the movements of memory association. In a single period he endeavors to inclose a complex moment of our consciousness. Yet his style moves; the verbs are numerous; it conveys his sense of the perpetual evolution of our conscious and unconscious life. And his characters evolve, though no method would seem less adapted to display their evolution than one which devotes 150 pages to an hour or two in a salon of the Faubourg. But such pages paint the great frescoes. A person like Swann appears in one, years later in another, later again in a third. Between these appearances evolution has occurred. We measure its nature and extent in the contrasts revealed by the figures in the three frescoes.

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Proust himself presents a striking contrast between the two phases of his career: in society, and in retreat. "Is he really so charming?" inquired his father, the doctor, puzzled by his son's social success. During the years of dizzy oscillation between the Étoile and the Faubourg St. Germain, Proust felt that he had a work within him, but the only outward signs of it were countless notes jotted down on calling cards, invitations, telegrams, recording this gesture or that form of salutation. Forced by illness to withdraw more and more into seclusion, protected by walls lined with cork when his mother's adoration no longer shielded him, he emerged now and then into society only to verify his documents—as when, at one in the morning, he called on a lady and asked to see a certain hat she had worn twenty years before. He couldn't believe she hadn't preserved it: "But Mme Daudet has kept all her hats! I have seen them." "A charming idea! But I haven't a museum."

In analyzing his universe the critic is at pains to account for Proust's interest in the drama of the salons on some basis other than snobbery. He was no more a snob in writing about society than he was a seeker after sensational themes in dealing with inversion. His long contact with the world of society was a progressive disillusionment. His philosophy of desire and disenchantment reveals itself here, but even more in his treatment of love. Underneath all the diverse manifestations of love runs this refrain: love is a drama, played out within us; its object is our own creation, resembling in little more than name the person we love; one love differs from another according to the strength of our desire and the quality of our imagination; love substitutes for our habitual self another which presently disappears without our having been any more responsible for its birth than for its death; in the last analysis, it is perhaps only a nervous state.

This conception of love M. Pierre-Quint thinks "nearer to psychological reality than any other." As if there were any one psychological reality of love! His conclusion appears inconsistent with his belief that in the consciousness of each artist the world reflects itself in a unique manner. The Proustian drama of love, then, is that of the artist who, as a boy of fourteen, asked for his idea of misery, replied, "to be separated from mama"; who spoke of his mother ten years after her death as if she were still living; who felt alone after her death until the day of his own; who makes his hero suffer the same pangs when Albertine withholds herself from him as he suffered when his mother did not kiss him goodnight; whose hero found a momentary calm and happiness in love only when Albertine lay passive in sleep. Another artist, another *drame d'amour;* another psychological type, another psychological "reality." Proust, the perfect emotional introvert, escaped from his intense awareness of self only at rare moments of ecstasy when he had the sense of communion with a reality outside himself. "Neither society nor travel nor love—or very rarely—," says M. Pierre-Quint, speaking as if we were all introverts, "can bring to us this mystical fusion of our lives with the life that surrounds us, because they are not powerful enough to permit us to escape from our self." For Proust, art realized this miracle. Hence his idealization of art, and the complete gift of himself to art after he withdrew to his tower of ivory—or of cork—to "summon up remembrance of things past."

DOROTHY BREWSTER

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"Physiological Optics." The first book has long been available in English; the second has had to wait until now to be translated. In 1921 the Optical Society of America celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Helmholtz, and it was decided to commemorate the event by bringing out an English version of "Physiological Optics," which, first published in 1867, had expanded by 1909 into three bulky volumes. The third German edition was brought out fifteen years after Helmholtz's death; and as it contained all of the author's original contributions, and, in addition, valuable additional material by Professors Gullstrand of Upsala, von Kries of Freiburg, and Nagel of Rostock, the American Optical Society selected this edition for translation.

The first volume has been edited (and translated, I take it) by that distinguished American physicist, Professor Southall, and the work is a glorious tribute to American scholarship. The volume includes Helmholtz's descriptions of the anatomy of the eye, of the general physical characteristics of light, and of the dioptrics of the eye, with liberal corrective footnotes by Professor Hooker of Pittsburgh and by the editor; the appendices by Professor Gullstrand, bringing the subject up to date, occupy nearly half the volume. Gullstrand's chapter on ophthalmoscopy is particularly worthy of mention.

The book is hardly meant for the general reader, but for the physicist and physiologist it is a mine of treasure.

BENJAMIN HARROW

Frank Harris Continues

My Life. By Frank Harris. Vol. II. Published privately in France.

AT the age of seventy or more, Frank Harris, not tired but spent, good fortune gone, comes to Nice and writes his memoirs. He quotes Poe: "If any ambitious man have a fancy to revolutionize . . . the universal world of human thought, human opinion, and human sentiment . . . the road to immortal renown lies straight open . . . before him. All that he has to do is to write . . . a book . . . 'My Heart Laid Bare.' But this little book must be true to its title."

Laying bare your heart, especially to tempt immortal renown, is difficult business. It is so difficult that, as Harris further says, quoting Poe, there is "not to be found one man having sufficient hardihood to write this little book." It is not sufficient to tell the truth about your sexual experiences. You must also be frank as to your thoughts, your motives in doing, in saying things. You must be a pitiless judge of yourself, analyze everything of importance you can remember and then give the opinion as if you were only an outsider. It is not sufficient to tell of the great men you have discovered, of the witty things you said at historical dinner tables. If you do these things all you will have is the average volume of reminiscences. To lay your heart bare you must forget all about immortal renown; you must be a Pepys writing to amuse himself, a Casanova trying to pass the time away in dull surroundings; you must be interested only in trying to put yourself in paper. A sort of moving picture of yourself, but a moving picture without the makeup and without favorable lighting.

Not that "My Life" is an average volume of reminiscences. Sometimes Frank Harris does forget himself. Sometimes the agonizing voice *is* heard. You do occasionally see the man with all his doubts, with his hopes, not knowing which way to turn, groping, stumbling. Occasionally his heart *is* laid bare. But it is very rarely. Most of the book is how *he* did this, how *he* did that, how *he* got the job, how *he* won the girl, how *he* bowed his rival to the floor, how this and this great man showed *him* the dirty skeleton of his family life. Through most of the book he brags mercilessly. And this is an old story. Frank Harris has always bragged. He has always reached further

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than he has grasped. In all of his work, in his "Portraits," his "Shakespeare," his short stories, he has waved his own flag. The result has been that his readers at first were amused, but finally were bored—and himself neglected. And all this in spite of the fact that he is a first-class critic and has fair story-telling abilities. The only being who can brag with impunity is the Almighty.

Harris's prose is hardly readable, although this is not always his fault. Sometimes he undertakes work for which modern English has no adequate vocabulary. There is no way in English of describing intimate sex life, certainly no way comparable with that of the French. You must use either words that stare at you, shock you, or colorless, meaningless technical terms. When you try to veil these with apparent synonyms the result is pernicious. Frank Harris, apparently shocked at his own freedom in the first volume of his memoirs, tries this latter method in the second. The result is pornography. Whereas in the first volume the terms, if absolutely free, are at least frank, in the second they are malicious. There is no filthier adjective in English than "naughty." The second volume abounds in naughty this and naughty that.

The second volume is distinctly inferior to the first. The stock of jokes is poorer than that of any smoking-car drummer, the sex episodes are similar to those that can be bought in any well-protected bookshop, and the anecdotes, with the exception of those on Maupassant, are not even interesting.

The last chapter, however, is admirable. Frank Harris realizes that he is old, that all he has talked about, reveled in, is no more, that there is really nothing more for him except his memories. His life has been full, everything man can taste he has tasted, and his regrets are great since he knows what he is losing. With every moment the end approaches. He tries to console himself, but he cannot. The end, the end everywhere. And so, much like Casanova at Dux, but without the latter's gifts and without his integrity in writing, he relives his life by writing of what has happened to him. And maybe because his life was not as full as he would have us think, or maybe again because by writing he lives over what he would like to have felt once, he often exaggerates, he often gives special emphasis to things hardly remembered, to emotions which, being old, he cannot relive.

NATHAN ASCH

A Lame Arm and the Wreck of Europe

Wilhelm der Zweite. Von Emil Ludwig. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt Verlag.

EMIL LUDWIG studies the ex-Kaiser as he has studied Bismarck and Napoleon, as a creature of circumstance and in his turn a circumstance which has contributed to the unmerited wrecking of other fortunes. But since this time the author has himself suffered in the blind cataclysm, his book has a black and terrible melancholy which the others lacked. It is no history of modern Germany, no history even of the exterior circumstances of Wilhelm's life. Ludwig is a character-analyst, and what we learn, in this long and richly documented study, concerning the old Emperor, Bismarck, Bülow, Eulenberg, Holstein, and fifty other eminences is not what they did but what they were. Of the Kaiser himself we learn also why he was this and not something else. Physically weak and deformed, mentally gifted but irresolute, ruined by hate and mistreatment in childhood, by irresponsible power, and by flattery, this ugly duckling was predestined to prove the curse of his age. Ludwig has arbitrarily excluded from his record all comment from socialists, foreigners, open enemies of all sorts; his material is the Kaiser's own utterance—the most damning evidence of all—and that of his closest friends, his ministers, his public servants.

The World War is treated in small space as the natural and inevitable climax of the Kaiser's megalomania, fear, and

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by Jacob Wassermann

Translated by Allen W. Porterfield

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has ever had on its teaching force have been personally so odd in their manners and appearance that any such committee might have failed to recognize the genius under their exteriors. Some of the ablest writers of today are men of unusual personal appearance. If many a Jewish youth hides great talents under outward appearances which lack polish and social attractiveness, so do multitudes of boys of old American lineage who enter our universities direct from the farms or the small towns. Abraham Lincoln himself had much of the uncouth about him all his life. Would an admissions committee at Harvard, Yale, or Princeton have sensed his latent ability, his wisdom, his greatness? Would he have been sufficiently "clubable" and well-enough tailored?

Upon this question we have just had the evidence of President Wilbur of Leland Stanford University, where the limitation of students has for years been forced upon its authorities. Writing in the *New Republic* for April 14, he frankly admits the enormous difficulties of the task and that it is still an experiment. He also states that limitations of any sort are "extremely troublesome," that scholarship based upon grades alone is an inadequate basis for a choice, especially as high-school records are often deceptive. Many a boy who does badly at school and stands low in his first years at college has developed later into a first-rate writer or scholar. Mr. Wilbur recognizes that, for he says it is the intelligence tests which give the best aid, that personal interviews are not now emphasized, and that "the more experience we have the more we are impressed with the fallibility of human judgment in forecasting the possibilities of youth." The Harvard admissions committee with the best wishes in the world may entirely make over the spirit and traditions of its university. Yet we do not deny Harvard the right to limit her numbers. What we do wish is that she shall never yield to the clamor to select her students because of color or race or group or residence. There is a strong feeling in Cambridge now against the commuting student who lives at home, or in some suburb, and comes only to classes. But discrimination practiced on a residential basis would be a grave blow to the finest Harvard traditions. If the problem of limitation is great, so has been the university, and this should be only another challenge to its greatness and its ability to live up to the best of its past.

The undergraduate report would solve some of the undergraduate problems by applying the English college system—a plan favored in some degree by President Eliot thirty-five years ago. But breaking up the college into a number of small colleges would only intensify the problem of admission and inevitably raise the question of "clubableness" more than ever. The report states that ways could be found of preventing the flocking together of men of like tastes, but as to that there must necessarily be great question. There is much more hard thinking to be done on this plan before it can be accepted as a solution. Meanwhile, if Harvard must definitely limit its numbers because of its resources, we sincerely trust it will stick to intelligence and scholarship tests. Inevitably, in our judgment, Harvard's new departure must bring to the front once more the question of a State university for Massachusetts to be supported by an annual tax and capable of receiving unlimited numbers without regard to their appearance, race, or color, precisely as is now the case in the Western States.

A Literary Main Street

THREE minor points should be made first of all in any commentary upon Sinclair Lewis's refusal to accept the Pulitzer prize offered him for "Arrowsmith." The first of these is that the reasons he gave were as honest as they were interesting; no one familiar with Mr. Lewis's record can accept for a moment Ralph Pulitzer's intimation that the novelist did what he did in order to exploit himself. The second is that Mr. Lewis seems to have exaggerated the danger to American literature embodied in the terms of the award. We have known all along that Joseph Pulitzer conceived the prize novel of any year to be that which should "best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." We have known, too, that this was nonsense; and so have the committees known it when they awarded the money at their disposal to "The Age of Innocence"—or, to speak of other prizes equally ill-conceived—to Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie" and the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay. There seems actually to be little danger that committees will ever be influenced by the elder Pulitzer's unfortunate phraseology. The third point is that Mr. Lewis, in citing as an analogy his refusal of membership in the National Institute of Arts and Letters some years ago, compared a fairly large thing with a very small one. The Pulitzer prizes have on the whole been admirably administered; the National Institute has on the whole, through its ineffably silly exclusions as well as through its admissions, made itself laughable.

But Mr. Lewis has brought up the whole question of literary awards, and by his fame no less than by an excellent letter has forced a degree of attention upon it which it might not have got for a long time to come. This is all to the good, since the question is indeed debatable. While we do not share Mr. Lewis's extreme concern over the possibility that in the future the administrators of the Pulitzer prizes or of any other prizes "may become a supreme court, a college of cardinals, so rooted and so sacred that to challenge them will be to commit blasphemy," and while we do not suppose that the temptation will ever be great among writers who count "to labor not for inherent excellence but for alien rewards," we do agree with him that the idea of a literary prize is in essence absurd.

It is absurd because of the capacity it assumes in a group of persons in a given year to decide which among several good books is the best. When generations of critics are unable to agree upon a ranking of the poets, when as many opinions of a contemporary book are printed as there are reviewers to manufacture them, when nobody knows what literary virtue is anyway, how can three or five or seven gentlemen sitting in a room come to a meaningful agreement? Obviously they cannot, and anyone who has had the experience of being a judge on such a committee remembers compromises arrived at rather than preferences proclaimed. A's choice being obnoxious to B, B's to C, and C's to A, they end perhaps by agreeing on a fourth book that has nothing the matter with it—or nothing to recommend it. The absurdity lies after all in the assumption that there is one best book or poem, and also—as Mr. Lewis himself points out—in the rather pathetic faith of the public in the wisdom of judges. Prizes are probably not dangerous. They certainly are without consequence.

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Keeping Up with the Joneses

THE American Surety Company has recently made an analysis to determine the chief causes for moral lapses on the part of defaulting employees—for which lapses, up to the face of the policy, the American Surety Company undertakes to indemnify employers. The question is thus not only a moral one but a business one as well. What moral causes operate to take money away from the company's stockholders and give it to employers with gaping cash registers? With such a practical problem before him, it is probable that the investigation of B. J. McGinnis, manager of the Claim Department, was a thorough one and that its conclusions are worth listening to:

> It has been evident for some time that defalcations by employees handling money and securities are on the increase. . . . It is clearly shown by our reports that there are several ruling factors which cause men to become dishonest. Fashions change in crime as they do in medicine and in other fields, and so do inciting reasons. Today the desire to own an automobile or a large car, it is revealed by our studies, lies at the bottom of the peculations of many employees—whereas a few years ago race-track gambling stood among the leading causes of "inside" theft. It is not always the joy-rider who steals either—it is often the young married man whose wife insists upon having a car in addition to a fur coat, platinum jewelry, and all the luxuries of modern life.
>
> Another factor tending to larceny has been the movement to the suburbs, where competition among neighbors in regard to cars, radio sets, smart dinners, etc.—all part and parcel of the attempt "to keep up with the Joneses"—has been too much for many an "unassisted" salary.

Mr. McGinnis also pays his respects to instalment buying. He recites the case of one defaulter whose rent and instalment payments on an automobile *alone* equaled his salary. In addition he was purchasing a fur coat and jewelry for his wife, and

> had enough extra to make a social hit in the neighborhood. . . . Changed standards of living are often responsible for peculations. Defaults are not always *due* to economic pressure (of sheer poverty) but to a desire to live in a luxurious way and impress the neighbors. Luxuries are born faster today than ever before, and every one of them can be bought "on time."

Finally, Mr. McGinnis pays his respects to "wages for wives." His reports show that wives are seldom, if ever, familiar with their husband's embezzlement. They do not know what the husband's income is, and they do not care—provided it produces the fur coats and the gasoline. "Usually they are living in a fool's paradise, although almost always a brief investigation on the part of the wife would show that the husband's salary could not possibly justify their expenses."

In the light of these carefully compiled data and essentially sound conclusions, what does Mr. McGinnis recommend as a remedy? His recommendations are almost too pathetic to chronicle. He grasps the facts ably enough, but he sees no way out except the old sing-songs: (1) Educate children to honesty. "Parents should impress upon their families that there is a difference between 'mine' and 'thine' which must be recognized and respected." (2) Never admire the romantic deeds of brigands within the hearing of children. (3) Go to church more. (4) "The courts should be more severe in sentencing criminals, for the knowledge of prompt punishment is one of the greatest deterrents to crime."

Alas, our only alternative to Mr. McGinnis's pious blah is an observation which carries no weight in the work-a-day world. It is this: If you want to stop peculations due to a desire to keep up with the Joneses, you have got to modify the categorical imperative to keep up with the Joneses. That imperative is primarily the creation of high-pressure salesmanship, boosted tremendously by the recent utilization of instalment selling for luxury goods. This obvious conclusion is so contrary to the principles of American boomerism, boosterism, Rotarianism, Kiwanism, chamber of commerce-ism, zippyism, realtism, sales-resistance-smasherism, I-check-with-you-chief-ism, and in-conference-ism that we will not commit the heresy of drawing it.

But it is the go-getter who keeps us humping after the Joneses—in so far as we are humping harder than normal human nature calls for. In conclusion may we quote from the report of another statistical survey, a survey of the cost of living among poor families in Philadelphia made in 1925. The report was written by Jacob Billikopf, director of the Federation of Jewish Charities in Philadelphia. He says:

> The very men who preach thrift spend thousands of dollars in advertising, trying to make poor men miserable if they do not buy things they cannot afford. . . . I sometimes wonder whether there is not far more danger of a social revolution caused by making people want intensely what they cannot buy than of one caused by talking to them about theories of distribution.

Harvard and Its Students

TWO events have again called public attention to Harvard University's undergraduate problem. New rules of admission have been promulgated which involve a serious break with past traditions, and the committee on education of the Student Council has made an unusually able report giving some undergraduate ideas about the future development of our oldest university. As for the first, the freshman class is now definitely restricted to one thousand men. All candidates will be admitted whose examination average is 75 per cent or higher. From the remaining candidates, the committee on admissions will pick those who are accepted without examination from certain selected schools under what is known as the "highest seventh plan" now in force, and then choose from the remainder those who in the judgment of the committee have "best proved their competence." Next comes this all-important clause: "Candidates should bear in mind that in all admissions to the university regard is given to character, personality, and promise as well as to scholarly attainments." It is this which has given rise to much uneasiness, since it obviously confers sweeping powers upon the admissions committee and makes everything depend upon the point of view and judgment of its members.

Plainly, if the committee so desires, it can readily rule out competent Jewish, colored, or Catholic students, and can do it in such a way as to make it difficult to prove bias or deliberate intent. What constitutes character and personality? Some of the most striking personalities Harvard

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Stanley Baldwin's Guilt

EVERYTHING that we have said about the colossal blunders by the British Government which led up to the general strike has been more than borne out by revelations in the British Parliament on Wednesday, May 5. These revelations were so amazing that their significance was lost sight of by the American press until Raymond Swing pointed out in the New York *Evening Post* what they meant and reported that many Conservatives were deeply alienated by the disheartening knowledge that the Prime Minister had drawn up a compromise offer which the Trade Union Council had accepted, but had then made the catastrophe inevitable by withdrawing it because of an idle rumor which he did not stop to investigate. A more amazing example of incompetence, of losing one's head, of being stampeded into an action resulting in the most lamentable injury to one's country it would be impossible to find. But we shall let the facts speak for themselves as they were brought out in the Parliamentary discussion.

In reply to a question from Lord Hugh Cecil as to why the miners did not go to the Prime Minister with a formula that would satisfy them and say to him: "This will satisfy the miners. What have you to say about it?" J. H. Thomas replied that at "eleven o'clock Sunday night we had no formula, but *the Prime Minister's own word in writing.* The Trades Union Council not only accepted it but said that they would take the responsibility of telling the miners that they had accepted it." This was just one hour before Big Ben tolled out the midnight hour which precipitated the general strike. What happened? What was it that prevented this happy adjustment of the situation at the eleventh hour? We give it in Mr. Baldwin's own words:

> It was while the Trades Union Council were seeing the miners and while I and my colleagues were explaining to the Cabinet what we hoped for that we learned by telephone that the first active overt move in the great strike was being actually made of trying to suppress the press. We felt that in those cases the whole situation was completely changed. We felt this was more than threat; it was direct action, and direct action, in my view, of the worst kind, because it was trying to suppress the possibility of the dissemination of news to the public. In those cases, with infinite regret, we had to take a stand; we could go no further.

To this Ramsay MacDonald made a quiet, dignified, but utterly crushing rejoinder. According to his information the Prime Minister's statement of the case was "perfectly accurate." "And that," he added, "to me is the sorrow of the whole thing. The Prime Minister knew what the mind of the representatives of the Trades Union Council was. He also knew that at the moment those representatives were in consultation with the miners' executive. Then came the *Daily Mail* incident. Never was the question put [by Mr. Baldwin] to these people: 'Do you know anything about this? Are you responsible for this? What action do you propose to take about it?'" Thereupon, Mr. MacDonald reported, a letter was received by the Trades Union Council as they were just on the point of communicating their decision to the miners, declaring that all negotiations were at an end. Naturally they were thunderstruck and entirely at a loss as to what it was all about, since they knew nothing about the *Daily Mail* incident, which was not a strike, which had not even been ordered by the local chapel of the union in the *Daily Mail* office, but was a spontaneous action by a group of pressmen—not even the type-setters were involved. Thus, without waiting to inquire the nature of this sudden outburst, Mr. Baldwin threw the whole thing overboard, although the Trades Union Council was meeting *under the same roof only a few doors away.* It is impossible to draw any other deduction than that he lost his head or that he was stampeded by the Churchill, Birkenhead, Joynson-Hicks element in his Cabinet, who lusted for the battle and took this as the excuse for precipitating a situation which they hoped would annihilate the unions. The final scene was thus described by Mr. MacDonald:

> No approach of any kind was made to them, but while they were working out this formula, hammering out, if they could, a settlement, a letter was received that the negotiations were at an end. When the consternation at receipt of this letter was over a deputation went to the room where the Government representatives were to ask what all this was about and to explain the whole situation to them, but when the deputation arrived at that room they found the door locked and the whole place in darkness. [Loud cries of "Shame!"]

To this the Prime Minister could only reply that "When the Government got to know that a general strike had begun by an attack on the press in the *Daily Mail* office they felt they had reached the point when it was impossible for them, or any other government in like circumstances, to make any progress." Therefore, without waiting to make a single inquiry as to the significance or real purport of this incident—which was not paralleled in any other newspaper office—Mr. Baldwin wrote to the Trades Union Council, insisting that there must be repudiation of this act and an immediate withdrawal of the order for a general strike, although the strike had not then started. There was no time for the Trades Union Council to do this after the fruitless trip to the Cabinet room. The fatal hour struck, the strike was on, and another crime of incompetent statesmanship entered upon the records to humiliate England and cause her immeasurable suffering.

We are quite aware, of course, that a further defense of the Government has been essayed by Winston Churchill in an article signed A Cabinet Minister, which appeared in the *British Gazette* of May 7, in which he attacked Mr. Thomas for trying to persuade the public that only the Government's anger at the stoppage of the *Daily Mail* caused the general strike. This he declared was untrue. But that merely raises an issue of truthfulness between Winston Churchill and the Prime Minister, for we submit that there is nothing else to be deduced from the Prime Minister's words than what we have set forth above. No assertions that, after all, the formula approved by the Prime Minister called merely for an indefinite undertaking on the part of the Trades Union Council will avail. The not-to-be-denied fact is that both the Prime Minister and the Trades Union Council mediators felt that a solution had been arrived at. How, after reading the debate, any honest man can deny that the responsibility for the general strike rests upon the Prime Minister is beyond us.

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freedom of choice in reading matter against special interests of however worthy a class.

THE COLLAPSE of two of the newspapers owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., can have surprised no one in the profession. The moral is the old one that not every man is a born journalist or able to make newspapers pay. Again, Mr. Vanderbilt doubtless thought that by expanding rapidly he could cut his overhead. As a result he went ahead too fast in creating a chain of dailies. In many ways this young man has been a pleasant figure in journalism, and his mistakes have doubtless largely been due to bad advice. Yet the fact remains that some of his stock-selling methods were not above reproach and that he chose to found not high-grade newspapers but more of the new sensational, tabloid variety. The growth of these journals continues. The Chicago *Tribune's* child, the New York *Daily News*, now boasts of a circulation of 1,000,000 daily. Whether or not it is true that this type of journalism reaches a kind of people who never read newspapers before, we cannot see any defense for putting them forth. The circulation reports of the New York dailies for the half year ended on April 1 go to show that the tabloids are checking the growth of the old-type newspapers. Thus while the *Daily News* gained 203,000, the *Mirror* 98,000, and the *Graphic* 46,000 readers in a year, the *Times* gained only 10,000 and the *Herald Tribune* 11,000. The *American* lost 32,000, the morning *World* 51,000 (explained in part by a rise in price), the *Evening World* 16,000, and the *Telegram* 8,000, while the *Evening Post* stood still.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EVENT took place recently in New York City that hardly a daily newspaper commented upon. It was a get-together dinner of the employers and employees in one of the greatest trades in the country, the clothing industry, in honor of Jacob Billikopf, the impartial chairman appointed two years ago to settle all disputes between the two groups. Hundreds of representatives of both groups were present to testify to their appreciation not only of Mr. Billikopf himself but of the worth of the impartial machinery. C. D. Jaffe, president of the New York Clothing Manufacturers' Exchange, voiced the satisfaction of the manufacturers with the progress made during the last two years, and Sidney Hillman expressed similar sentiments on behalf of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, with a warning, however, as to the necessity of maintaining the right spirit of cooperation and good-will if the machinery is to work satisfactorily in the future. Mr. Billikopf himself spoke as if the achievement for which he was feted was something calling for no particular praise. But anyone who has been familiar with the record of this industry, and the bitter fights that have gone on within it, knows better.

THE OLD ADAGE "Seeing is believing" has been verified anew with the arrival in New York of the wind-driven yet sailless rotor ship Baden-Baden. Up to that time American sailors and technicians, with only theoretical explanations to go by, had been inclined to scoff at, or at least to doubt, Anton Flettner's invention. Since the Baden-Baden's arrival from Europe a change of sentiment is obvious. To begin with, her passage across the Atlantic is impressive. Leaving Hamburg on April 2, she headed south for the Canary Islands, whence her transatlantic voyage practically began on April 14, ending at New York twenty-five days later. For sixteen of the twenty-five days the rotor ship sailed by wind power alone, obtained from the two revolving towers which stand up from her decks like giant smoke stacks. One day's run under wind power totaled 207 sea miles, which is as good as the speed of the average tramp steamship. Fortunately, too, the Baden-Baden came up New York harbor with a strong west wind blowing abeam—the most effective place—all the way to the Battery. She made this last leg of her voyage—under hundreds of critical eyes—in beautiful fashion, at a speed which the pilot estimated, after making allowance for the counter-current, at eight miles an hour. Mr. Flettner, it must be remembered, does not expect to propel ships by rotor alone, but regards his invention as an auxiliary source of power to reduce expenses in fuel and increase speed when circumstances permit.

MARY AUSTIN has written and printed an open letter to clubwomen and business men of the Southwest which we can only hope will take effect. With admirable good manners Mrs. Austin explains to her special audience why it is that the artists of Santa Fé, New Mexico, wish to remain as they now are—quiet, happy, and productive. They have been fortunate in that they could count on the locality to give them not only ideas to develop but peace in which to develop them. But now come the Federated Women's Clubs with a proposal to found a summer "Culture Colony" at Santa Fé whereby several thousand ladies may benefit each year from the neighborhood of several hundred artists—attending lectures, reading, and showing a willingness "to mix with the artists and entertain them in their homes." Mrs. Austin is, we believe, the first to point out so publicly and firmly the incompatibility of the creative and the Chautauqua tempers. We hope the women's clubs will withdraw their plan in time to prevent the artists from scurrying like ants from a molested hill.

WHO CARES about noise? Practically nobody—yet. Our cities are a howling, clanging, banging, roaring bedlam of jarring, unmusical, nerve-racking hubbub. Most of it is unnecessary and much of it is on purpose. Youth delights in noise for its own sake, and our youthful civilization builds and runs its cities not only without recognizing that noise is an evil but with a certain gleeful assurance that it is a mark of progress and energy. "Our bustling cities," we say with pride, and anyone who seriously objects to their raucous racket is regarded as a crank. Yet we predict that within half a century—perhaps less—noise will be considered as deadly as polluted water or bad plumbing; we shall have city bureaus and private societies to combat it with all the energy that is now centered upon tuberculosis or typhoid germs. Automobiles will not be permitted to go hooting and roaring through our streets; subway, surface, and elevated railways will not be designed so as to make the greatest possible amount of clangor; electric drills and rivet drivers will not be constructed with a view to a maximum dissemination of dissonance. Then the sound filter which Professor George W. Stewart of the University of Iowa has invented to eliminate noise will be hailed with the same acclaim with which today we welcome the loud speaker and the megaphone. But by then, perhaps, Professor Stewart will be dead and the rest of us deaf, delirious, or demented.

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ministration of the amiable but pitiful Mr. Harding. Mr. Daugherty has been indicted by a federal grand jury in New York City, along with Thomas W. Miller, once Alien Property Custodian, and John T. King, formerly a member of the Republican National Committee from Connecticut. The indictment followed a five-months' inquiry into the transfer of $7,000,000 of the funds of the American Metal Company, which had been seized during the war, to a Swiss corporation. The indictment charges that in accepting $441,000 as commission from the foreign claimants the three men in question—together with the late Jess Smith—defrauded the Government of their honest and impartial services, acting instead from motives of "personal gain." Mr. Miller had been previously indicted in regard to another aspect of the case, while Mr. King had already been charged with the concealment of income tax, due because of the transaction. Mr. Daugherty is not yet convicted—and may never be—but the intelligent public which followed the Wheeler oil inquiry came long since to the inevitable conclusion that President Harding's Attorney General was morally besmirched from toe to topknot, whether or not any successful legal action should be brought against him. The scandal is that an attempt at prosecution has been so long deferred.

THE INDIANA PRIMARY ELECTION has resulted in the renomination of the redoubtable Senator "Jim" Watson, despite the fact that his brilliant young opponent, Claris Adams, proved that he makes no worth-while contribution in the Senate to its business or its lore. But Mr. Watson is past master in the art of running a political machine, and this was plainly not the time to unseat him. Senator Robinson likewise won the chance to succeed himself. What the elections next fall will bring forth is a different matter. Mr. Robinson will have against him an able and high-grade Democrat in the person of Evans Woollen of Indianapolis. The candidate to run against Mr. Watson must now be chosen by a party convention, since none of the candidates in the primary received a majority. The indications point to the nomination of John E. Frederick of Kokomo, and there are those who think that he may get half of the 100,000 Republican votes cast for Mr. Adams. If this is the case he may win the election, and so may Mr. Woollen defeat Senator Robinson. In view of the fact that Senator Watson won by a large and impressive majority, although he did not take the trouble to go out to Indiana and make a contest, it seems to us as if it would take something like a deep-seated revolution to oust him.

SENATOR WALSH has introduced a resolution in the Senate which starts with an impressive recital of recent combinations and mergers, no less than twenty-five companies being named. It then proceeds to point out that these mergers were consummated through buying physical assets rather than capital stock, thus taking the transactions beyond the reach of Section 7 of the Clayton Act and so beyond any effective anti-trust legislation. The abuses of such mergers are then set forth, followed—and this is the important point—by the benefits of large-scale operation. Finally, the Federal Trade Commission is called upon to investigate the whole merger situation, to appraise quantitatively the abuses and the benefits, and to report to the Senate "what new form of federal action is recommended as most effective to control such corporate combinations . . . to prevent speculative banking control and to prevent excessive profits." Thus, instead of another blind attempt to smash the trusts, Senator Walsh is prepared to recognize them, evaluate their good features, and control them in the public interest. In the long run, economic facts being what they are, this is the only common-sense policy for the Government to pursue.

THE TRADITIONAL HOSTILITY between traveler and guide can no longer be indulged with impunity, at least in Italy. John Adams Abbott of Boston lately made the acquaintance of a guide, with the consequences of a fractured jaw for the guide and imprisonment for Mr. Abbott for calling Mussolini a "brigand." This charge was later dismissed as unfounded, although Mr. Abbott was held for assault upon the guide. But this is a minor charge, without the seriousness of an insult to the Premier, which a recent law has made a criminal offense. A sentence of eight months was lately visited upon an Italian woman convicted of making derogatory remarks about Mussolini. Another victim of Fascist disfavor is Arturo Toscanini, who is remembered here for his rare success as conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Toscanini has been replaced as conductor of the Scala Opera in Milan, and press correspondents pointedly recall past conflicts between art and Fascism, with the conductor uncompromisingly on the side of art. On one occasion it was a Fascist hymn which he refused to include in his program. A weightier matter was his stubborn opposition to a plan for merging the three great opera houses of Italy—La Scala, the Constanzi in Rome, and the San Carlo in Naples—under single direction. Mergers are regarded tenderly by the Fascist Government, and Signor Toscanini's stand against their extension to art may bring about his artistic exile from his country. But Italy's loss would be America's gain, for orchestras here are longing to play under his baton.

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS are unpopular with everyone in Canada except the reading public, but their popularity with the reading public—judged by their circulation—is eight times that of Canadian publications; which is the direct cause of their unpopularity with the rest of the Canadian population, namely, the censors and the publishers. Some time ago the censors suffered a severe attack of shivers caused by certain American tabloid newspapers, and barred these from the country. Now authors and publishers have descended upon Ottawa with the demand that Parliament erect a barrier against foreign publications in the form of a duty by weight, which in one instance, at least, would amount to 450 per cent. The usual glowing arguments are offered: Canadian ideals must be preserved; Canadian art and literature must not be choked by foreign weeds; Canadian youth must be saved from the lure of this nearby land painted in glittering colors by the literature it disseminates. There is, besides, the powerful economic argument—foreign advertisements breed a desire for foreign goods. But the proposal endangers a commendable Canadian policy. The same principle which impels the Ottawa Government to carry publications through the mails at less than cost has maintained free entrance into an otherwise protectionist country not only for unbound printed matter but for printing presses and type-setting and type-casting machines as well. Certainly it is the duty of an enlightened government to protect its people's

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